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THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.



Published Annually by the Cadets of the
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

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THE STONE PRESS, ROANOKE, VA.

A vertical line with five dots at the top, middle, and bottom, enclosed in a rectangular frame.

DEDICATED.....

TO

GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP,

the tried and approved Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute; the man who has answered a high calling by contributing forty years of his activity to teaching young men obedience to the voice of duty, both in the walks of civil life and on the field of battle: to him this volume is dedicated, in evidence of the respectful regard of

THE EDITORS.



Photo. by McCown, Lexington

GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP.

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General Scott Shipp.



GENERAL SCOTT SHIPP, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, August 2d, 1839. He received his earlier education at Warren Green Academy, Warrenton, Virginia, and at the Warrenton High School. In the autumn of 1852, when but thirteen years old, he was sent to Fulton College, Fulton, Missouri. Here he studied for three years, accomplishing with conspicuous merit the work of the freshman, sophomore, and junior classes. Leaving Fulton in 1855, he was for one year a member of an engineering corps of the North Missouri Railroad Company.

In the fall of 1856, he enlisted at the Virginia Military Institute. Entering the third class, he was three years later graduated fourth in a class of twenty-nine and captain of Company "D." Immediately upon graduation, he was elected assistant professor of mathematics. Later, he was transferred to the department of Latin, in which he continued until the outbreak of the Civil War.

On April 17th, 1861, Virginia withdrew from the Union; on the 21st, the Corps of Cadets under the command of Jackson left under orders for the Camp of Instruction at Richmond, Virginia. Lieutenant Shipp was detached from the Cadets for the purpose of recruiting a company in Rockbridge County. A few days afterwards, he was ordered to report at Camp Lee in Richmond. There he was assigned to duty as assistant adjutant-general, and later was commissioned captain in the Provisional Army of Virginia. He continued on duty at Camp Lee, however, until June, 1861, when he was made major of the Twenty-first Virginia Regiment, and ordered to West Virginia. His regiment formed a part of Loring's Division, which constituted a part of the command of General R. E. Lee. Throughout the campaign in this State, he was in command of the regiment; for its colonel was in command of the brigade, and its lieutenant-colonel was absent. In December, 1861, his regiment was ordered to Staunton, and was then directed to report to General Jackson at Winchester; this it did in time to serve in Jackson's expedition to Bath, Romney, and Hancock,—one of the roughest services of the war.

Sundry unsought but well-deserved honors have come to General Shipp by the way. In 1890, he was one of the Visitors to the United States Military Academy. In 1891, Washington and Lee University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1894, he was president of the Visitors to the United States Naval Academy.

In 1869, General Shipp married Miss Nannie, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Arthur A. Morson, of Richmond, Virginia. After a peculiarly happy married life of fifteen years, Mrs. Shipp died February 20th, 1884, leaving to him the care of three small children,—two daughters and a son. This charge he fulfilled faithfully and well. The daughters are both married to graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. Arthur Morson, the son, a V. M. I. graduate of '97, is a lieutenant in the Twentieth United States Infantry, and is now seeing active service in the Philippines.

General Shipp is striking in personal appearance, and a man of strong individuality. To those not well acquainted with him, he would be considered somewhat brusque and austere, but intimate acquaintance discovers behind all this a warm and tender heart, one which manifests not only a strong solicitude for the welfare and progress of cadets while under his immediate charge, but which follows them in their subsequent lives with a show of interest truly remarkable. His life long, he has been a close student; and his fund of sound and ready information in so many and so varied fields shows how broad is the grasp of his mind.

General Shipp's conspicuous success as commandant of cadets has been remarked. As superintendent, he has been the more successful as his field has been wider. The same untiring energy and faithfulness characterize him; he is still careful of the minutest details; yet, withal, he is thoroughly alive to the larger needs of the institution over which he presides. The Virginia Military Institute has a safe and aggressive head and helmsman in SCOTT SHIPP.

W. S. HANCOCK, '90.



EXECUTIVE STAFF.



ASSOCIATE EDITORS.



ILLUSTRATING AND ADVERTISING STAFF.



THE FACULTY.

Editorial.

WE venture a daring infraction of the rule which seems to bind editors of college annuals to deprecatory appeals to the critics of their work. In rendering our account to the readers of *THE BOMB* for 1900 of the charge committed to us we will simply relate "a little story," trusting that its application may be apparent to all.

In a certain new-made city of the wild and woolly West a distinguished rough, of the Buck Fanshaw type, closed his mortal career. The usual "town meeting" was held, appropriate resolutions of regret passed, a gorgeous funeral ordered and a sum subscribed for the erection of a handsome monument to the deceased. To another equally distinguished rough was intrusted the task of composing a suitable epitaph; and in due time he reported the results of his labor as follows:

"He done his durndest; angels could do no more."

We are far from claiming that our record as cadets has been quite angelic, but in our endeavor to prepare a *BOMB* whose explosion shall have all the energy of its predecessors, sending an echo through all the land, into the hearts of old cadets, of the life at the Institute, we do declare that we have followed as closely as may be the example of angels, in that we have done our best.



THE EDITORS.

The Virginia Military Institute.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 11th, 1839

COLORS

RED, WHITE, AND YELLOW

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Vir-gin-ia!
Military Institute! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.!

Academic Staff.

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Superintendent.

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Emeritus Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

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Major H. C. FORD, B. S., Ph. D.,
Adjunct Professor of Latin and English.

Captain H. E. HYATT, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

Captain C. W. WATTS, B. S.,
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Captain G. P. MARROW, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Drawing and Tactics.

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Captain R. C. MARSHALL, B. S.,
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Captain H. STOCKDELL,
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

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Adjutant.

Major REID WHITE, M. D.,
Surgeon.

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Major F. W. HOUSTON,
Commissary and Quartermaster.

Captain J. W. GILLOCK,
Assistant Military Storekeeper.

Battalion Organization.

Staff.

J. W. HYATT,	Lieutenant and Adjutant
D. M. BERNARD,	Lieutenant and Quartermaster
T. S. CARTER,	Sergeant-Major

Co. "A."	Co. "B."	Co. "C."	Co. "D."
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Captains.

C. Rice, ¹	C. H. Minge, Jr., ³	W. B. Montgomery, ⁴ E. Biscoe. ²
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First Lieutenants.

A. J. Pizzini, Jr., ¹	G. D. Brooke, ³	F. Z. Brown, ⁴	R. A. P. Walker. ²
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Second Lieutenants.

G. P. Craighill, Jr., ¹	H. L. Jordan, ⁴	A. D. P. Janney, ³	L. A. Robinson. ²
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First Sergeants.

G. C. Marshall, ¹	H. B. Castleman, ³	W. W. Sheppard, ⁴	C. C. McCabe. ²
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Sergeants.

E. L. Cannon,	C. S. Roller,	L. A. Britton,	A. E. Miller,
St. J. R. Marshall,	M. H. Hudgins,	O. V. Kean,	R. W. Johnson,
F. C. Elliott,	W. D. Rucker,	E. S. Martin,	T. Richardson,
H. J. MacIntyre, ¹⁹	P. B. Peyton,	I. Davenport, ²⁰	W. Goodwin.

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M. I. Forbes, ⁶	R. F. Beirne, ⁷	E. R. de Steiger, ⁸	H. J. Geiger, ⁶
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W. P. Upshur, ¹³	A. A. Adams, ¹⁵	H. G. Garland, ¹⁶	H. A. Ward, ¹⁴
F. B. Downing, ¹⁷	M. Q. Kelly, ¹⁹	H. L. Flowerree, ²⁰	M. F. M. Werth. ¹⁸

Our Officers.



H, the Lexington calics all cry
For the "subs" at the V. M. I. ;
They clamor for Ducky,
For Tolly so plucky,
And fight for our Bev., so shy.

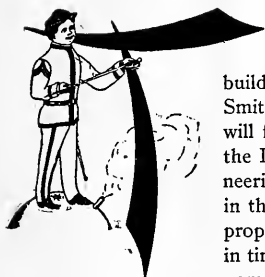
Little Stocky must not be left out,
With his square, curly top and his pout ;
But the calics declare
He will never get there,
Till he ties down the point of his snout.

But there is one who will win any wager :
It 's our spotless, immaculate Major.
When he gets on the ice,
He 's snapped up in a trice—
They all skate with the lucky old stager.

Now we come to the main guy of all :
Old Billy, the "pride of the ball."
May the sun never set
On this popular pet.
Good-bye, now, the curtain must fall.

Wait a minute, we must not forget
The most militaire one of the set ;
You want to look out,
When old Puck is about ;
He 's a foxy old geezer, of that there 's no doubt.
Good-bye once again—Cadet.

The New Francis H. Smith Memorial Building.



HERE is in course of erection on the grounds here at the Institute, a handsome academic building which is to bear the name of the "Francis H. Smith Memorial Hall." This building when complete will furnish recitation rooms for all the departments of the Institute with the exception of those of Civil Engineering and Chemistry, which will continue to be taught in their present well-fitted and spacious quarters. It is proposed to finish this building by August 15th, 1900, in time for the session of 1900-1901. This new building completes the quadrilateral formed by the barrack and the Jackson Memorial Hall, and faces the arch of the barrack. It covers a ground space of about one hundred by seventy-five feet, and is to be three stories above the basement. It is to be built of brick with Indiana stone trimming. The basement will be used for heating and electrical apparatus. The building will be heated and ventilated by the Peck-Hammond system of hot and cold air driven fan and gas engines.

In the basement there will be storage rooms for fuel. The first story will contain besides ample hall room and stairs, the various rooms for the Department of Physics,—a lecture-room for one hundred students, an office, an apparatus room, an optical room and laboratory, and lecture rooms for Latin and Military Tactics. The second story will contain one large mathematics room, accommodating one hundred students, and four smaller rooms for the same department; one large room for Modern Languages, and two smaller rooms; and there will be private offices for professors. The third story will contain all the necessary rooms for the Department of

Geology and Mineralogy, consisting of a large museum, lecture-room, two laboratories, a storeroom, private office, and a military museum. In the tower of the building it is proposed to put a large electric clock. For this clock our artist makes this suggestion:



Suggestion for the New Tower Clock.

The building when furnished and complete will cost twenty-five thousand dollars. Over the front door will be a memorial stone bearing the inscription, "1839—Francis H. Smith—1889," the figures signifying Francis H. Smith's term of service as superintendent of the Institute.

Some Reminiscences of a New Market Cadet.



AFTER the battle of New Market, the Corps of Cadets marched down the Valley and at Staunton took train for Richmond, Virginia. It was one triumphal journey; at every station along the route we were met by crowds of people including many ladies and gentlemen and pretty girls, who vied with each other in showering us with flowers and good things. This was particularly the case at Charlottesville, Virginia. At Hanover Junction the train stopped and we were disembarked, and drawn up in line with colors flying and band playing. Lee's Army was making one of its changes of front, and his "ragged boys" were marching along the road. Every now and then in the distance we could see the explosion of a shell in the air, which told of the proximity of the Yankees. We were informed that a fight was in prospect, and that we might be called on once more to show what a Cadet could do.

The gallant Rhodes, a brilliant alumnus of the Institute, who so shortly afterwards shed his life's blood for his country, passed by with his staff of young and chivalrous officers. Learning of the proximity of his former comrades, he came dashing up, and made a brief, but ringing, speech of praise and congratulation to the Corps, and then passed on to engage the enemy.

We were disappointed in our expectations of a "scrap" with the Yanks, for after a short stay, we were ordered back on our train and proceeded "On to Richmond." When we arrived there, we were treated as heroes. There were flag presentations, speeches by old War Governor Letcher, President Davis, and others; but all this had an end, and we were once more ordered back to the V. M. I., where we soon resumed our studies (?).

But it was only a short stay, for in a brief period Hunter's army came along. From the top of the Barracks I witnessed the approach of this army, with its glittering bayonets and immense wagon train. We were ordered to burn the bridge, and some of us exchanged a few shots with the Yanks who were drawn up in the field across the river; but alas, what could the handful of McCausland's men and Cadets do against such a horde of enemies? Almost nothing, and we were hurried through Lexington to the tune of exploding shells, and cries of the ladies along the country roads to Balcony Falls.

The charred and blackened walls of the Institute, Mess Hall, and the professors' dwellings, told the tale of wanton destruction which this army was guilty of.

We retired to Lynchburg, where we had the pleasure of witnessing the defeat of that same army, and aided in an humble manner in saving Lynchburg from the horror of being a captured city, and in inflicting such a defeat to Hunter's army that it was never set in the field again.

Once again we returned to the Virginia Military Institute, but what a change had a few days wrought! We gazed with saddened hearts at the vandalism which had vented its spleen on our Alma Mater. Most of us had lost everything—clothes, books, affectionate tokens, etc. All was gone in the destroying flames which swept away instruments, apparatus, text-books, archives, pictures, aye, even the bronze statue of Washington, which adorned the arch front.

We were all furloughed and told to get to our homes as best we could. I can not now recall the date of our arrival home; but in a short time thereafter, while we were enjoying the comforts of "Home, Sweet Home," the battle of Fort Harrison was fought, and at every corner of the principal streets the provost placed sentinels with orders to arrest every able-bodied man, whether properly furloughed or not, and send him to the front. I was ordered by General Pat T. Moore, commanding the Reserves of Richmond, to assemble all the Cadets, arm them at the arsenal, and report to him at the outer works at Osborne Turnpike. In obedience to this order, I corralled about thirty-two furloughed Cadets, to whom were added a few gentlemen from the basement offices in the State Capitol; and after getting arms and accoutrements from the arsenal,



SNAP SHOTS.

I promptly reported as directed. We reached our post in time to witness the awful cannonading directed by Major-General Pemberton, which raised such a row in army circles afterwards.

I was ordered to take my company to the front as skirmishers and sharpshooters. As we were armed with old smooth-bore flint muskets, I felt that it would be doing a most useless and dangerous thing to take the boys out on such a task; so I made application to Major John Dooley, commanding the ambulance corps, which had moved up immediately in our rear, to permit me to exchange my arms with his men who were really non-combatants, corresponding to the Red Cross men in later wars, so he consented. I made the change hurriedly, and went to the front, advancing by alternate files; my company being deployed at intervals of about fifteen or twenty feet. Slowly we moved ahead expecting every moment to receive the fusillade of concealed enemies; but after advancing out of sight of our works, I deemed it prudent to slowly retire. I had found nothing in front but burning houses and fields ploughed up by the tremendous shells coming from our works behind. We were soon afterwards recalled, and I was ordered to withdraw my small force, which was to be replaced by a regiment of local troops. A few hours afterwards, the firing ceased. I was ordered to report at the headquarters of General Moore, and my company was assigned his body-guard. Well, in army parlance, we struck it rich. Nice tents to sleep in, plenty of grub, good music to sing by, nightly incursions into the city to see our girls, and plenty of visitors; and the stories of New Market filled the air.

These happy days ended in September. A general order then ordered the Corps of Cadets to be assembled at Camp Lee. Arriving there, I found myself the ranking officer on the ground, so I took command of the assembling corps. I had the camp mapped out somewhere near where the auditorium now stands, and had got everything in pretty good shape, when I was relieved by an officer of superior rank. Companies were "sized up," and good order preserved. Shortly afterwards we were removed to our winter quarters at Poor's Farm, where we remained until the (then) new city almshouse was ready for our occupation; we moved to this point some time in January, 1865, and remained there until the fall of Richmond in April of the same year.

A. PIZZINI, JR., '64. Capt. Co. D.

“The Running O. D.”



sly old mouse is the running O. D.,
So tall, and straight, and military ;
He forms the sections in a deep bass key—
A charming creature is
The Running O. D.

He walks the stoop, drumstick in hand,
Seeking a chance to sock and ram ;
He is as slick as slick can be—
A brainless wonder is
The Running O. D.

He runs like lightning, and socks like steam,
And is as slick as slick can be ;
He robs the rats of their choicest candy—
The heartless wretch,
The Running O. D.

His cares, though heavy, are very few,
He plays with the drum when he's nothing to do ;
A literary genius and snoozer is he,
This masculine bric-a-brac,
The Running O. D.

He girdles himself with a sash of red,
The earth is blessed with his sacred tread,
In his gorgeous dike you always can see
The conspicuous form of
The Running O. D.

He is known as “Old Billy's” *Flunkay*,
Much resembling the organ grinder's monkey ;
His reign is short just one day—
Ah ! that's enough for the lobster,
The Running O. D.

PERCY, '03.

The Dream of a Wayward Rat.

I.



IS Saturday night; this rat 's on guard;
His post lies in the Cadet graveyard;
The afternoon he's spent most pleasant,
With poker games and whiskey present.

II.

With back against a tombstone white,
He sits him down to pass the night;
Sleep overcomes him, and in his dreams,
Long and loud he yells and screams.

III.

With headlong speed the sentinel rushes,
Avoiding tombstones, trees and bushes;
For behind each object within his view
Crouches some phantom, strange and new.

IV.

From the trees the owls look down,
And o'er the earth the moon doth frown;
Cards and bottles are strewn here and there—
Combining these sights, 't is an awful nightmare.



V.

To make more horrid the ghastly scene,
Lord Mephistopheles, long, agile and keen,
To aggravate the rat still more,
Fleetly pursues him in the hope of gore.

VI.

Cats as black as the blackness of night,
Cross the path of the sentinel's flight;
If signs hold true, 't would indicate
That in this dream he meets his fate.

VII.

His pursuer is gaining upon him fast,
And in him drives his fork at last.
Oh, what pains run up his back,
As if he 'd sat on a ten-inch tack.

VIII.

He wakes! rubs his eyes! springs to his feet!
There stands his corporal, trim and neat,
Who with bayonet has prodded the sentinel,
To rouse him from dreams of Mephisto and hell.

—J. C. W.

The Return.



ITH laurel crown,
Through Staunton town,
We proudly marched that day ;
While old Confeds.,
With low-bowed heads,
Most gladly made us way.

No veteran men
Dare mock us then,
But only cheers they gave ;
While lovely girls,
With sun-lit curls,
With laurel crowned the brave.

Two nights before
New Market's roar—
Our boys were boyish then ;
But ere the night
Of that grand fight
The boys had grown to men.

Both shot and shell,
And dread shrapnel,
Right through our standard tore ;
And at roll-call
We mark the fall
Of fifty men or more.

Our step was light,
Our arms were bright,
Our flag its symbol bore ;
Now stained and torn
Our uniform,
Our guns are rusted o'er.

We proudly tell
How each one fell
With face toward the foe ;
How some lie 'neath
The victor's wreath
Where murmuring waters flow.

New Market's name,
Of deathless fame,
Shall mark their Southern race ;
While we lay down
Our garland crown
On their last resting-place.

G. B. H.



CAMP SCENES.

Something About Our War Record.



OUR record made in the Civil War is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say anything of it here. There is no one in the whole Southland that does not know of the important part our alumni took in organizing and officering the Southern armies. During this war the Institute was to the South what West Point was to the North. She furnished during that time four hundred and thirty-five officers, among whom were two major-generals, twenty-one brigadier-generals, sixty colonels, fifty-three lieutenant-colonels, forty-six majors, and two hundred and fifty-three captains and lieutenants. No wonder she was christened "The West Point of the South."

In looking over the lists of officers in command of our troops during the Spanish War, and also of those now in the Philippines, we find that we are still holding our own. Nearly all of the troops sent into the field by Virginia were officered by V. M. I. men. We also find that our alumni in Maryland, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Georgia, and Florida were represented among the officers of these States. We now have in the service eighty-three officers; and others are constantly being added. There were three of them appointed in one batch as first lieutenants in the new Puerto Rico battalion.

Many feats of bravery during our recent wars are still unrecorded; and among these we find our representatives doing their share. Among those who have received honorable mention, or who have been promoted for special bravery, we find W. C. Geiger, C. D. Jacobs, C. D. Langhorne, and C. E. Kilbourne,—all belonging to the Class of '94.

Admiral Watson, in a cablegram to the War Department, highly commended Langhorne for his gallantry and devotion to duty. In an engagement near Manila, he was serving with a battalion of marines that had been disembarked to take part with the army in the action. While under fire, attending to one of his wounded comrades, he was himself wounded in the arm; but even after this he

continued under a heavy fire of the enemy to minister to the wounded.

Lieutenant C. E. Kilbourne, of the Signal Service, was also mentioned for special bravery, and promoted to second lieutenant in the regular army. He was on patrol duty with two of his men looking after an important section of telegraphic communication. One of the wires had been cut by a Filipino bullet, and, although the fire was still severe, he undertook to climb the pole and repair it. While doing this, the fire became still more severe, and another wire was cut. His two men, finding it too hot for them, left. Still Kilbourne stayed at his post, coolly doing his duty until both the wires had been carefully repaired. General McArthur said it was the bravest deed he ever witnessed.

To tell of Geiger's career, of his varied experiences, and his many deeds of bravery, would take more space than we have here. He volunteered for service in a battalion of engineers, and served with them until they were ordered to Cuba. He had been up for examination, but did not receive his commission until he got to Cuba. He was assigned to the Twenty-Fourth Infantry, and was with this regiment in their gallant charge on San Juan Hill. For special bravery here, he was highly spoken of in the official reports. After the return of his regiment from Cuba, finding that his regiment would not see active service in the Philippines, he applied to the War Department to be transferred to one that would. He was assigned to the Fourteenth, and was ordered to Manila. On his arrival there, he was detailed to serve with the Maccabe Scouts. With this command he has made his name famous. He was recommended for promotion several times. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and has recently been made captain for general merit and special bravery.

The next one to be mentioned is C. D. Jacobs of the First United States Cavalry. In the battle of San Juan Hill, his first sergeant was badly wounded, and the line being ordered to fall back he was left alone. Lieutenant Jacobs, finding this out, started forward under heavy fire to rescue him, when every one else was seeking shelter from the heavy fire of the Spaniards. He alone was brave enough to face the danger to save his comrade. Before reaching the sergeant, however, he was himself struck and instantly killed.

Another sad instance is that of W. H. Williams, also of the regular army, and another member of '94. This poor fellow was not instantly killed, but had to go through with several months of suffering before he was relieved by death. Wounded in the eye in an engagement in the Philippines, he was brought back to this country, and died in the hospital in Philadelphia some time later.

We see, then, that our men have not as yet forgotten how to fight. The record made at New Market, which received the applause not only of the Southern armies, but of the Northern armies as well, still remains bright.

J. Pasco, '00.



July 4th, 11 A. M.

Marian.



Y MARIAN, with eyes so brown,
Thinks oft of me, I know;
She loves her boy in suit of gray—
Did she not tell me so?
Tho' she is far away at home,
And I at V. M. I.,
Her letters tell me naught but love;
I never ask her why.
When all my four years' course is run,
And I 'm a graduate,
I 'll wed my brown-eyed Marian,
Who four years long could wait.

Saying Good-Bye.



AYING good-bye to the fair-haired one,
I took her gentle hand in mine;
I knew the sad hour of parting had come,
I gazed on my love for the last, last time.

A last, last look at the beautiful hair,
And one at the lovely eyes;
For she stood before me in beauty there,
In the sweetest, loveliest guise.

I said good-bye again and again,
Lingering, longing to stay;
For down at the heart there woke a pain,
Whenever I turned away.

I 'm gone—but my heart goes not with me;
I left it somewhere to-day;
I 'm gone—but my heart is still with thee,
And there will it ever stay.

G. B. H.



THE CLASSES.

Class of 1900.

Colors.

Olive and Maroon.

Yell.

Hellabaloo! baloo! bala!
Hellabaloo! baloo! bala!
Click! Clack!
Click! Clack!
Sis! boom! ba!
Keero! keero! keero! ki!
We are the Class 1900, V. M. I.
Allegora! gora! goran!
Allegora! gora! goran!
Hi! hip! Ki! hip!
Hippity! Hippity! Hi!
1900! 1900! V. M. I.

Officers.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., Virginia,	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
C. RICE, Virginia,	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>

Members.

D. M. BERNARD,	Petersburg, Virginia
E. S. BERRY,	San Francisco, California
E. BISCOE,	Washington, District of Columbia
J. R. N. BOYD,	Richmond, Virginia
G. D. BROOKE,	Sutherlin, Virginia
F. Z. BROWN,	Richmond, Virginia
G. P. CRAIGHILL, JR.,	Lynchburg, Virginia
B. J. EPES,	Nottoway, Virginia
G. H. ESSER,	Stonega, Virginia
C. R. HOWARD,	Richmond, Virginia
J. W. HYATT,	Jonesville, Virginia
A. D. P. JANNEY,	Leesburg, Virginia
H. L. JORDAN,	Smithfield, Virginia
G. E. LEWIS,	Tallahassee, Florida
J. M. LUKE,	Portsmouth, Virginia
J. L. MEEM,	Mount Jackson, Virginia
C. H. MINGE, JR.,	New Orleans, Louisiana
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR.,	Lynchburg, Virginia
G. B. PALMER,	Northeast, Maryland
J. PASCO,	Monticello, Florida
A. J. PIZZINI, JR.,	Richmond, Virginia
R. B. POAGUE,	Lexington, Virginia
C. RICE,	Hazel Springs, Virginia
L. A. ROBERTSON,	Galveston, Texas
L. A. ROBINSON,	Marlin, Texas
C. TAYLOR,	Lake City, Florida
R. A. P. WALKER,	Charlottesville, Virginia
J. M. WINSTON,	Richmond, Virginia



Memoirs of 1900.

OWARDS the end of September, in the fall of '96, we, the Class of 1900, began our ascension, or rather our "dips" began their ascension and we, our climb up Jacob's Ladder to put salt on their tails and bring them down. As this goes to press, we have succeeded in throwing salt on their tails and in grasping a few prominent feathers; but care is yet to be observed since a "dip" is a nimble creature, and pin-feathers in July are not strong. We have passed through all the traps that Calculus, Physics and all other mental obstructions of that ilk could afford; and by dint of main strength and awkwardness, have become graduates of almost four years with only the passing of some several examinations and a jug of firewater, to declare us full graduates. But the cat (in other words the faculty) has yet to give his signature to attest to our prowess as trap eluders, and as beings worthy to stand before the wall of fame "that usually adorns the front of barracks at 'rev.' time in the morning," to eat as many collar buttons, hairs and rusty nails as our future larders can supply, and to sleep in peace the rest of our days without a morning serenade on an ancient fife and drum.

While we were "rats" time was never known to hang heavily on our hands, for our popularity as fun-producers, stamped us as the particular prey of the class above us, who accordingly gave many an interesting soiree in our honor. These, you may be sure, were always well attended, and our appearance upon such occasions generally resembled that of a gun-boat or a cruiser in that our vulnerable parts were well protected. But even the protection of a friendly book, or the remnant of an old sweater, most often



GRADUATING CLASS, 1900.

proved but a futile barrier against the sudden and pointed attack of the skillfully wielded bayonet. At these soirees we learned to become, in cases of necessity, anything from the fat and jolly monk who, we blush to tell, had to pray his fellow sufferers out of purgatory, to the picturesque and paint-bedaubed Indian, who with an old pair of shears and a rusty razor produced a scalp lock about the size of a dollar from many an unwilling victim, and was in turn scalped himself for not performing his work well. We learned to jig, sing songs of our own spontaneous composition, write names upon the walls with our noses, play football with a bucket of water,



eat soap, which we were told was the chief nutriment of Oroostuck, and to row races, exciting in the extreme (that is the rowers were excited in the extreme by the generous application of a handy stick) with water basins for our boats and toothpicks for the oars. Such were the blessings showered upon us during our first year; and these, too, generally came just after we had come from an endless two hours in church, where our iniquities were dilated upon and the future tortures in store for us so vividly portrayed. So that, to say we were highly elated at the close of each performance, would be putting it too mildly. Our feelings at such times could only be appreciated by a fellow who had had a long bare-back ride, on a Lexington razor-back horse, with no other gait than an English trot.

Our next prominent appearance was when we reached the parting of the ways at the mid-term of our second class year. When this point was reached, the opinion of the class was about equally divided, as to whether we should astonish the engineering world, or delve into the mysteries of the subtle electric current; some split the difference, and resolved to learn the method of separating H_2O from water. In all these branches, some rare characteristics have been displayed: The engineers have learned to bear about the same relation to a transit or a level, that a cackling rooster does to a freshly laid egg; the experimenters in electricity have learned the meaning of the term "live wire," and if shown the wire and told how high the current, they can soon calculate

whether or not it would produce a shock. It is affirmed furthermore, that the chemical wonders know about as much about chemistry as a Southern mocking-bird does about a pair of bloomers,—so you see time has not been wasted with us.

As “Gim Fakirs” we are unexcelled. The “Gim” is a patient animal, who has borne the burden of 1900 for nearly four long years. He has never yet been known to kick, but it is said he was observed to back his ears and roll his eyes upon a certain occasion, when a member of our class who had been reported for laughing in ranks at drill, informed his Gimship that he had a hole in the bottom of his shoe, and the grass tickling his foot caused him to crack a smile. He was “ridden,” but the “Gim” sagely remarked that Jim’s name would be a complimentary epitaph on Munchausen’s tombstone. It is said that he humped up his back, as an admonition, when another of our tribe told him in a grief-stricken tone that he had dreamed he was drilling all night, and felt too tired to attend “rev.” in the morning. It is needless to say that the “Gim” excused him from further nightly drills.

It seems that as a fellow grows older in his cadet life, the fife and drum at “rev.” prove to be more of a narcotic, inviting the sufferer to sleep longer and more soundly, instead of giving the soul inspiring energy it was wont to do in the early days of “rat-hood.” This “rev.” is a mystery that can be appreciated by the initiated alone; and though we have had instilled into us countless military germs, we have never yet become fully awake to its beauties. Though music, no doubt, is the soul of joy, there are different kinds of music, and a fife and drum at six in the morning has the unhappy faculty of carrying pain wherever it is heard. We think we can safely assert that the safest way to keep heaven from being contaminated by cadets, is to place a fife and drum on the turnstile with the suggestive sign “rev.” above them.

The habits of 1900 are for the most part exemplary. The only really bad habits into which they have fallen is the habit of forgetting most of their book lore just about exam. time; and the habit some of the Fifth Lancer Corps have gotten into, of running foul of some prowling “sub” whenever they choose to make a foraging expedition; they then have to give an exhibition of “surface erosion” that even the most exacting geologist could enjoy. It has been whispered among the good town folks, that a cadet is

ashamed to look a chicken in the face; but on this score our consciences rest easy. It is an ironbound rule of the class that nothing short of turkey or duck shall engage the attention of any member; but if one of these were passed unmolested, the offending member immediately lost caste with his fellow laborers. At times we indulge in a friendly game of "ten cent ante" down in the Institute cellar. There, with an old cracker box for a table, a bowl of warm punch within easy reach, and glowing pipes between our lips, we realize the height of comfort and content; and after the game, when our cook has prepared the frugal repast, can exclaim with the voluble Mickey Free,—

“ And in winter with growley and eggs
And a place near the oil stove abasking,
Sip our punch as we roasted our legs
Oh the devil a more we 'd be asking;
For we haven't a janus for work,
It was never our gift short of Hades,
But we 'd make most iligant Turks,
For we 're fond of tobacco and ladies.”

We have listened to many a long spun out and perhaps erudite lecture, that made about as much impression upon our benighted intellects as a thumb tack would upon a man-of-war. We have stood exams. which for mental torture, outrivalled the jokes of an Englishman; and when at last we shall stand before the authorities, awaiting the much prized “dips,” we shall feel very much like the venerable old rat, who indeed had dodged the cat and cheated the traps, but with the loss of his tail.

Our course is now very nearly run and hereafter there remains to us but remembrance. But the moonlight excursions across the gently rippling old Nile, the friendly visit to a nearby hen roost, in short, the hell we raised while cadets, will in years to come furnish the food for many a pleasant reminiscence. Perhaps some of us may reach the age of garrulity, when the days “when I was a boy at V. M. I.” will furnish a merry tale for the coming generation.

And so ere we bid a last farewell,—

Let 's drain a glass to the old V. M. I.

Let 's give three hearty cheers ;

Let 's pass from the good old life we love

With smiles instead of tears.

At last our college course is run ;

No more will familiar "taps"

Signal the pranks of the senior men,

Or bring peace to the hapless "rats."

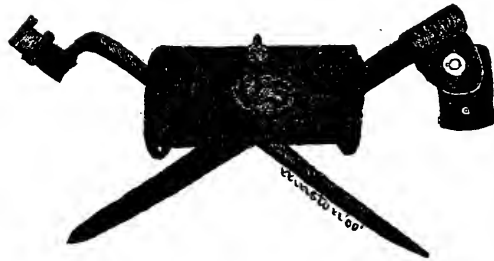
Shake hands, then sever the bonds of class,

Here and there give a warm embrace ;

But bear all light hearts as from these portals we pass

Into life's more turbid race.

HISTORIAN, '00.



The 15th of May.

Arma Virumque.



I sing a song with glad refrain,
I sing a song with martial strain,
I sing a day of endless fame;
The boys who fought in freedom's name.

In freedom's cause they shed their blood,
For their own God and country stood,
And taught the world that it might try
To emulate their chivalry.

All nature wept in sad foresight
Of what would come when came the light;
But broke in smiles a lovely day
That graced the lovely month of May,

That she might see with undimmed sight,
And bathe the scene in purest light,
Where college boys with veterans strove,
And won a fame all fame above.

For from those glowing crests of flame,
And from those giddy heights of fame,
They hurled the vaunting foreign eagle
And all his eaglets with Franz Siegel.

And as we gather here to-day,
In smiles our tears have passed away,
And we renew the glorious sight,
Of those who battled for the right.

For in the world's long history
There stands but this one victory
Where college boys with men have fought,
And taught the world as they were taught.

Our Alma Mater then we praise,
And here this noble shaft upraise,
That all the world may see the light
That streams forth from that glorious fight.

GEORGE B. HARRISON.

Class of 1901.

Colors.

White and Royal Purple.

Yell.

I—9—0—I, who are we ?

Nineteen hundred and one,

Don't you see !!

Hi Ro ! Ski Ro !!

Hi—Ro—Ki !!!

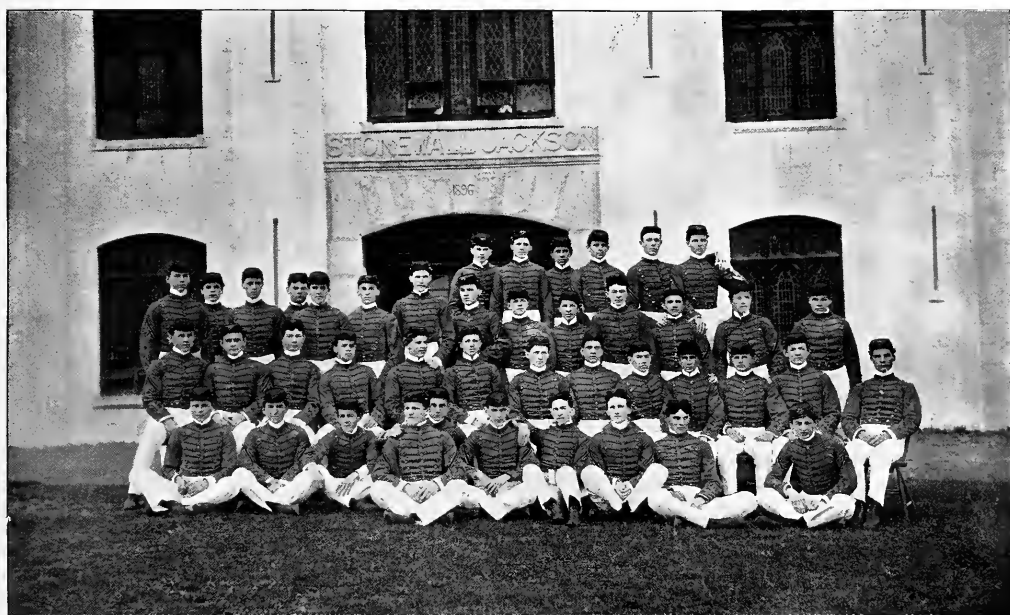
Naught one ! Naught one !!!

V.—M.—I. !

Officers.

C. C. McCABE, Maryland, *President*

A. E. MILLER, Virginia, *Vice-President*

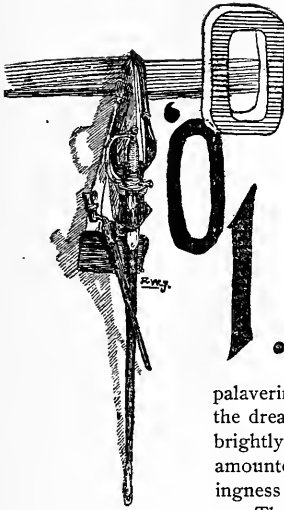


CLASS OF 1901.

Members.

F. B. ALDERDICE, Hagerstown, Md.	D. E. GODFREY, Fort Duchesne, Utah.
W. B. BASKERVILLE, Dublin, Va.	W. GOODWIN, Washington, D. C.
J. B. BLUNT, Richmond, Va.	P. W. V. HOWARD, Washington, D. C.
L. A. BRITTON, Pensaukin, N. J.	E. B. HUBARD, Salem, Va.
J. L. CABELL, Richmond, Va.	M. H. HUDGINS, Portsmouth, Va.
A. G. CAFFEE, Carthage, Mo.	J. B. HUDSON, Waco, Texas.
E. L. CANNON, Norfolk, Va.	J. V. JOHNSON, Little Rock, Ark.
T. S. CARTER, Mt. Jackson, Va.	R. W. JOHNSON, Little Rock, Ark.
H. B. CASTLEMAN, Gaylord, Va.	D. A. JONES, Zanesville, Ohio.
P. B. CLARK, New York, N. Y.	O. V. KEAN, Lynchburg, Va.
I. DAVENPORT, Richmond, Va.	G. C. R. KELLY, Norfolk, Va.
C. A. ELLETT, Wilmington, Va.	R. B. LEMOINE, Emmerton, Va.
F. C. ELLIOT, Tallahassee, Fla.	J. M. LEVY, Galveston, Texas.
H. P. FRY, Chattanooga, Tenn.	H. J. MACINTYRE, Thomasville, Ga.
W. I. MACINTYRE, Thomasville, Ga.	C. S. ROLLER, Fort Defiance, Va.
G. C. MARSHALL, Uniontown, Pa.	W. D. RUCKER, Stuart, Va.
ST. J. R. MARSHALL, Portsmouth, Va.	E. RYLAND, Richmond, Va.
E. S. MARTIN, Farmville, Va.	W. W. SHEPPARD, Edgefield, S. C.
C. C. McCABE, Baltimore, Md.	C. E. STUART, Alexandria, Va.
A. E. MILLER, Staunton, Va.	T. TODD, Baltimore, Md.
R. MONCURE, Falmouth, Va.	A. M. TYLER, Hickman, Ky.
L. K. NICHOLSON, New Orleans, La.	L. WALL, Buck Lodge, Md.
S. C. NOTT, New Orleans, La.	G. W. WATSON, Petersburg, Va.
P. B. PEYTON, Charlottesville, Va.	M. M. WILFORD, Bowling Green, Ky.
H. H. PRICE, High Shoals, Ga.	J. A. WILLIAMS, Red Springs, N. C.
J. RICHARDSON, Georgetown, S. C.	C. E. WINGO, Richmond, Va.

History Class 1901.



ONCE upon a time, a number of innocent and ignorant little boys, spotless as the driven snow, and happy as only the good can be, journeyed to quite a noted spot, called Lexington, the Mecca of Virginia, not far from nowhere in the hills of some-thing-or-other to worship at the shrine of the faith of their Fathers, the Virginia Military Institute. And it came to pass that these same youths, having said farewell to home and pleasant recollections, swallowed those embarrassing lumps in their respective throats, and became cadets with stout hearts, cheerful faces, and a longing desire to taste of the hidden mysteries that lay before them.

It was in the autumn of ninety-eight that these guileless babes made this first fatal mistake; and none of the large majority still left really regret it, all their palavering to the contrary, notwithstanding. They soon awoke to the dread realization that the stability of their glorious air-castles, brightly painted with the glowing dreams of effervescent youth, amounted to a minimum, and had dissolved into the infinite nothingness of space. They were "rats."

There will be no gruesome description of their many adventures during this refining process, about which so much has been written. After much drilling, to Nashville they went, and came back feeling much wiser, and with the firm conviction that they had seen the world. Thereupon, they elected two of their number president and vice-president. At last came Auld Lang Syne; and those pendants, whose unseemly presence had been felt with shame and sorrow for ten long months, were lost in the confusion.

Back to barracks they came in September, and took upon themselves that grave responsibility of keeping up the traditional customs which had for so long made the Institute noted; and, though greatly handicapped, they did their duty nobly. The autumn passed pleasantly, and they enjoyed life with that feeling

of superiority that young third-class men are wont to have when gazing on many ungraceful rodents. With winter came melancholy (called by another name). With it and the appreciation of that appropriate cognomen "Bull Third-Class men." In February they suffered their first great loss. Augustus J. Burgdorf was taken from them, carrying with him the esteem and prayers of all his Class. March brought a score of candidates for admission into "Naught One," who after standing a rigid examination, which they passed with good marks, were welcomed in. The spring drills brought spring fever and other like troubles which swelled the "Gim" squad. Then followed camp; and though roasted to a turn in the day, and well frosted at night, they were happy. After camp came "finals," and every one became a "calic" man until supper was served.

With much noise and no less good-will, the classmates met again in the fall; and though some had dropped out, those returning began the term brightly, with little thought of the morrow. But the morrow came, and with it typhoid fever; and all left for their homes with a feeling of sadness, for they knew that they were leaving behind four of their number sick, and none could say how many would be in ranks at the next roll-call. Again death visited them, and two of their best, R. E. Lemoine and S. C. Nott, passed away, leaving behind grieving classmates and comrades. The Class had been reunited but a month when another, Paul P. Clark, was called to his home in heaven.

In this their third year, an academical disintegration has occurred. To the chemical laboratory went one part; and there inside its sombre walls, in an atmosphere of H_2S and RaT , do young Avagadros and Bunsens precipitate, amalgamate, and "roll" reactions, all the time discoursing learnedly on the comparative merits and class characteristics of the Lamellibranchiata and the prehistoric Laboratory Jim. Then there are the electrical experts,—those physical phenomena and infant prodigies whose dark and solemn rites carried on in their vast halls of learning are to the uninitiated very shocking. Lastly, the engineers, who with their immense knowledge of mathematics and hard common-sense, together with their long field-practice every day, build theoretically miles of railroads from "Cape to Cairo," and cry for more worlds to conquer, thoughtlessly thinking there are dollars and cents in it.

In athletics they shine. On the football eleven last fall, there were four "Naught Ones." And on this year's baseball nine, there are three. As a class, they are extremely muscular. Consider, for instance, their class football team of last year; during its long career it suffered only one defeat, and their baseball team has been equally successful this spring.

In this military atmosphere, they have grown delightfully unconventional. For any little failing, remembering life in barracks is hardly similar to that in a monastery and they are apt to be forgetful and fail to show due reverence for their superiors.

With fond anticipation of their "blues," plumes, privileges, and all such paraphernalia, they now look forward to the taking-up of their rightful inheritance, with the full realization of duty to be done, and "dips" already doubtful. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," so they do not worry over what is to be, for well they know that "in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail,"—if you have a pull. In the words of the immortal Merrywell, they are still "as true as steel;" and so they hope ever to be.

HISTORIAN, OI.



Class of 1902.

Colors.

Crimson and Gray.

Yell.

Hippity Hoot ! Hippity Hoot !
Virginia Military Institute !
Hullabaloo ! Hullabaloo !
Hi ! Ho ! Hi !
We 're the class of 1902, V. M. I.

Officers.

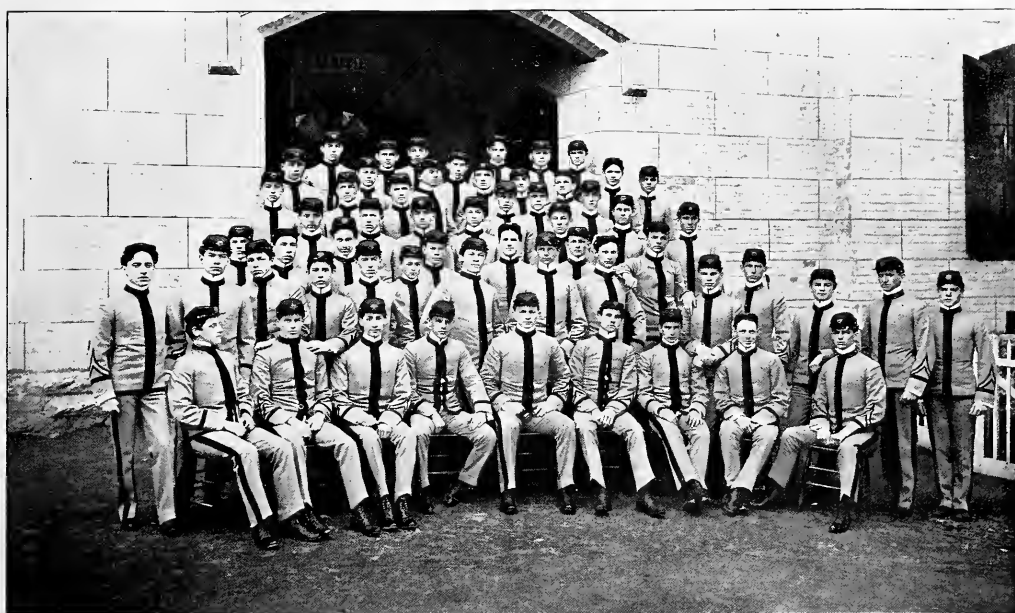
I. B. JOHNSON, Virginia,	<i>President</i>
S. L. HENDERSON, Arkansas,	<i>Vice-President</i>

Members.

A. A. ADAMS, Lynchburg, Va.	H. M. HOWARD, Washington, D. C.
J. C. ALLEN, Corsicana, Texas.	A. W. INGLIS, Madison, Fla.
H. L. AMBERG, Hickman, Ky.	E. D. JACKSON, Front Royal, Va.
R. M. AUGUST, Richmond, Va.	I. B. JOHNSON, Norfolk, Va.
R. M. BAILEY, Savannah, Ga.	A. L. JOHNSTON, JR., Richmond, Va.
J. M. BARNETT, Eufula, Ga.	C. JOHNSTON, Salem, Va.
L. L. BASS, Richmond, Va.	M. Q. KELLY, Lynchburg, Va.
R. F. BEIENE, Ashland, Va.	T. KIRK, Jefferson City, Mo.
M. BLUNDON, Baltimore, Md.	B. C. LEWIS, Richmond, Va.
A. N. CLARK, Winston, Mont.	F. K. LOWRY, Bedford City, Va.
J. W. DOWNER, Norfolk, Va.	N. T. LUNING, Oakland, Cal.
F. B. DOWNING, Sharp's Wharf, Va.	W. G. MARSH, Cattaraugus, N. Y.
R. F. EASTHAM, Flint Hill, Va.	M. B. MARSHALL, Portsmouth, Va.
H. L. FLOWERREE, Vicksburg, Miss.	R. F. MAUEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. FLOWERS, Vicksburg, Miss.	H. M. McCANCE, Manchester, Va.
M. I. FORBES, Warrenton, Va.	F. C. McCONNELL, Mobile, Ala.
H. G. GARLAND, Lynchburg, Va.	T. S. McNEIL, Bristol, Va.
H. J. GEIGER, Staunton, Va.	R. MEGINNIS, Baltimore, Md.
J. W. GLEASON, Crewe, Va.	E. MIZELL, King's Ferry, Fla.
J. W. GRASTY, Staunton, Va.	J. MONTGOMERY, Fort Worth, Texas.

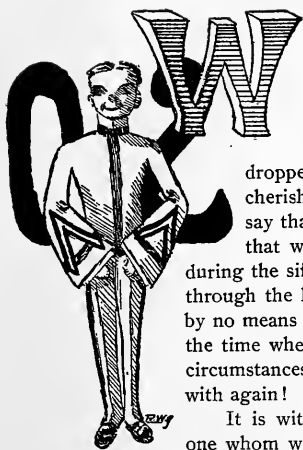
J. D. PAGE, Princess Anne, Md.	H. W. STUDE, Houston, Texas.
F. M. PARRISH, Portsmouth, Va.	P. A. TILLERY, Edenton, N. C.
A. C. PERKINS, Augusta, Ga.	B. H. TUCKER, Richmond, Va.
J. F. PHILIPS, Tyler, Texas.	N. TURPIN, Carrollton, Mo.
A. B. RAWN, Roanoke, Va.	H. TUTWILER, Birmingham, Ala.
T. M. RINEHART, Covington, Va.	W. P. UPSHUR, Richmond, Va.
R. A. RISSEB, Calvert, Texas.	H. A. WARD, Norfolk, Va.
J. H. ROGERS, Maysville, Ky.	M. F. M. WERTH, Richmond, Va.
E. M. RUST, Leesburg, Va.	J. C. WISE, New York, N. Y.
W. V. SMILEY, Moffett's Creek, Va.	J. B. WRIGHT, Allwood, Va.
E. R. DE STEIGER, San Marcos, Texas.	A. W. YERKES, Washington, D. C.





CLASS OF 1902

The Class of 1902.



WITH one hundred and two men, the Class of '02 entered upon cadet life. One hundred and two men, almost all of whom were absolute strangers, but who were in a short time to become the warmest friends, united by the strongest of ties—class feeling. Although now nearly half of these have dropped off from our number, their memory is still warmly cherished in the heart of each one of us. Some one might say that it is only the worthless fellows who have fallen out; that we have been placed in a great imaginary sieve, and during the sifting the mentally or morally small ones have slipped through the holes and out of our life. But we know that this is by no means true in our case. How fondly do we look back upon the time when we had among us those who have been forced by circumstances to leave us, and whom perhaps we shall never meet with again!

It is with especial sorrow and regret that we think of that one whom we shall never see again upon this earth, our beloved classmate, Ralph Gwin, of San Francisco. The long-wished-for furlough had come at last, and we had all set out for home, as happy a crowd as could be found anywhere, and he, one of the most cheerful among us. On his way home he complained of feeling very bad, and when he reached home, he was extremely ill with typhoid fever. He was very brave and patient all through his lingering illness, trying to look bright, but growing weaker and weaker. Finally on July 17th, he was taken up from the midst of his loved ones to appear before his Maker. His last words were, "There 's taps."

Unfortunately, some of our best men, our vice-president among others, failed to report for duty at the expiration of the furlough. This, of course, greatly weakened our numbers; but in no degree our class feeling, which grew, and is growing stronger and stronger.

About the first of October, typhoid fever broke out in barracks, and the hospital was soon filled. Every possible effort was made by the Faculty to find out the cause of the epidemic, but all of these failing, a leave of absence of thirty days was granted to the corps. Three deaths occurred, no one of which was in our class, though six of our members were at one time critically ill.

But why dwell upon these sombre things? If we do, people will say that our colors should have been all gray; but they are not—there is just as much crimson as gray. And what else does the crimson signify but that the Class of '02 is homogeneous, and of course can not be dispersed, and also that it is least affected and bent out of its straightforward course by being passed through the most trying ordeals? If you don't quite understand that, we refer you to "dear little Tolly," or to one who is perhaps just as good authority (in his own opinion) D. B., who professes to have faked "Old Tolly" out of a Max. on the subject of Spectra.

However true that may be about faking Max.'s on the subject of Spectra, one can not do it on the subject of parabolas, hyperbolas, cardioids, cycloids, etc., etc. To do that, one would have to be sharp enough to fool Old Nick himself.

Let us not forget to mention the addition which was made to our class on the first of last September in the persons of the third class rats, (now, rats no longer),—twelve good, strong, healthy men, "and such as sleep o' nights" (when they are not walking guard), but such as didn't sleep much on the night of April 15th, and were not tired enough in consequence to want to sit around much on hard benches the next day. The above account of the proceeding may be a little obscure; but what is lacking of clearness and beauty in the description of the proceeding was more than made up in force in the proceeding itself (as the aforementioned young gentlemen can testify.)

Well, the Finals are almost here again, and though we are looking forward with great pleasure to the good times we are going to have during furlough, yet we can but feel that our pleasure will be tinged with sorrow at parting with those friends to whom we have become so attached.

HISTORIAN, '02.

Class of 1903.

Colors.

White and Emerald Green.

Officers.

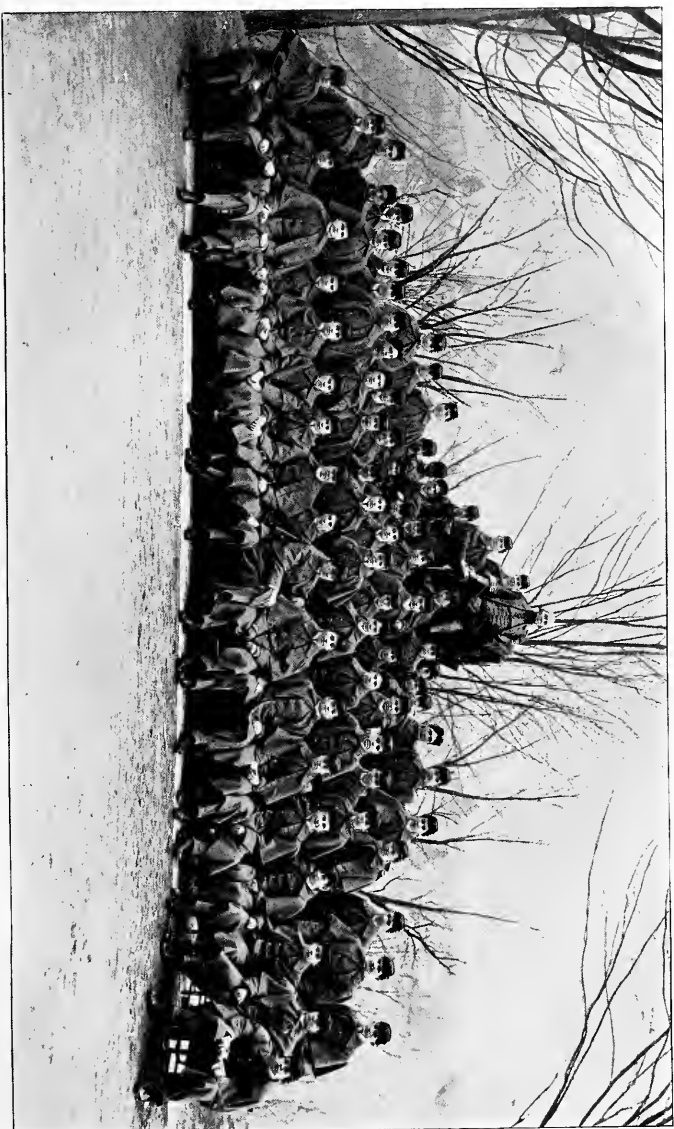
S. S. LEE,	President
J. H. ELLERSON,	Vice-President

Members.

THEODORE D. ABELES, Little Rock, Ark.	F. J. HEIBERGER, Washington, D. C.
PERCY ALEXANDER, Shreveport, La.	S. GODFREY HENKEL, Staunton, Va.
WILLIAM B. ANDERSON, Richmond, Va.	ERNEST L. HERTZOG, Spartanburg, S.C.
ARTIE Y. BERRY, Fort Smith, Ark.	W. T. HICKMAN, Owensboro, Ky.
HERMAN A. BORNEFELD, Galveston, Tex.	JOHN HICKS, Rockdale, Texas.
S. BISPHAM BOWEN, Germantown, Pa.	O. L. HUMPHREYS, Bedford City, Va.
DAVID Q. BRIDGES, Richmond, Va.	D. W. HUTCHINSON, Rockville, Ind.
RICHARD H. BROWN, Tyler, Texas.	WILLIAM L. INGLIS, Madison, Fla.
WILLIAM L. CARNEAL, Richmond, Va.	R. A. JACKSON, Petersburg, Va.
FARLEY C. CHILDS, New York, N. Y.	B. T. JOHNSON, JR., Richmond, Va.
A. JULIAN CHINN, Frankfort, Ky.	FEED B. JOHNSTON, Fort Smith, Ark.
RALPH B. CLAGGETT, Lexington, Ill.	JAMES T. JONES, Cape Charles, Va.
COLIE CLARK, Weldon, N. C.	JOHN F. KISER, Atlanta, Ga.
RODNEY S. COHEN, Augusta, Ga.	W. H. LANGHORNE, Greenwood, Va.
JAMES L. COTTRELL, Richmond, Va.	SIDNEY S. LEE, Fredericksburg, Va.
JOHN L. CRENSHAW, Orange C. H., Va.	ENOS T. LOVELL, Crowley, La.
ALFRED P. CURTIS, Richmond, Va.	OLIVER A. LYNCH, Richmond, Va.
ALLEN W. DAVIS, Midway, Ky.	ROBERT N. MACOMBER, Richmond, Va.
GEORGE S. DEWEY, Goldsboro, N. C.	WM. MAHONE, JR., Petersburg, Va.
BUNYAN S. DUDLEY, Nashville, Tenn.	LEWIS H. McADOW, Bozeman, Mont.
OTIS L. DYAL, Dyal, Fla.	J. McCausland, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va.
JOHN H. ELLERSON, Richmond, Va.	WM. C. McCORD, Springfield, Ky.
NEIL D. EMERSON, Wilmington, N. C.	WM. H. McCLINTIC, Hot Springs, Va.
WILLIAM H. FARIS, Richmond, Va.	HENRY T. MILLER, Washington, Va.
MILTON E. FORD, Washington, D. C.	JOHN J. MILLER, Washington, Va.
D. MILTON FRENCH, Alexandria, Va.	PHILIP L. MINOR, Uniontown, Pa.
PARK E. GETTYS, Knoxville, Tenn.	B. MONTGOMERY, Grand Rapids, Mich.
GEORGE H. GILMORE, Chase City, Va.	Y. P. NICHOLSON, New Orleans, La.
EDWARD E. HAAE, Design, Va.	J. DONIPHAN OWEN, Lynchburg, Va.
F. S. HALSEY, Rapidan Station, Va.	EDWIN G. PENN, Martinsville, Va.
ALBERT L. HASKINS, Richmond, Va.	COLE T. RANDLE, Rockdale, Texas.

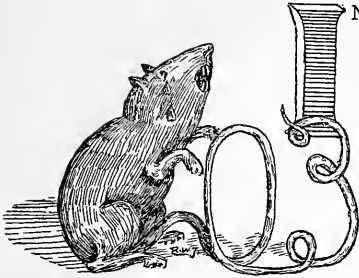
ROBERT I. RANDOLPH, Chicago, Ill.	R. E. SWIFT, Fredericksburg, Va.
HARRY P. RANKIN, Luray, Va.	LEROY R. TANNER, Vicksburg, Miss.
J. LANDRUM SAXON, Augusta, Ga.	WILLIAM H. TATE, Baltimore, Md.
JAMES E. SCHOOLFIELD, Danville, Va.	ISAAC E. TITUS, Williamsburg, O.
GEORGE M. SHELTON, Roseland, Va.	W. TURNBULL, Lawrenceville, Va.
HARPER W. SHELTON, Richmond, Va.	W. H. UEQUHART, JR., Richmond, Va.
E. SOUTHARD SHIELDS, Lexington, Va.	RITCHIE W. VAUGHAN, Ashland, Va.
JEFFERSON B. SINCLAIR, Hampton, Va.	EDMUND C. WADDILL, Richmond, Va.
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Vicksburg, Miss.	A. P. WARNER, Washington, D. C.
DEAN P. SMITH, Louisiana, Mo.	WM. A. WHITAKER, Winston, N. C.
E. HUGH SMITH, Heathsville, Va.	HENRY D. WHITTLE, Martinsville, Va.
HARRY P. STURDIVANT, Glendora, Miss.	S. G. WHITTLE, JR., Martinsville, Va.
FORD H. SWETNAM, Swetnam, Va.	LEROY G. WIMBEELEY, Tyler, Texas.





CLASS OF 1903.

History of Class 1903.



ON the afternoon of the thirty-first day of August, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, the career of the new class at the Virginia Military Institute was begun. It was then that the first-comers moved into their rooms on the fourth stoop, and took on the now well-worn name of 1903. The tide ebbed not once till every room was full. From East and West, North and South, they came,—from New York to Montana, from Florida to Michigan,—twenty-two States contributing to the grand total.

Soon the old cadets came in numbers, and from “rev.” to “taps” were heard such sounds as these: “Mistah, what’s your name?” “Where you from?” “Know anybody there I know, sir?” “Fin out stiff, sir, and keep ’em that way!” We soon learned politeness, yes; it was far the best policy. And we had good chances to show our generosity, too. Anything and everything was in demand, from “creases” and oil-stoves to “calic paper” and stamps. We learned very quickly to prefer the soft end of a broom to the handle; for, though the one covers more space, the other is more apt to leave a “growing impression.”



In despite of these fancied hardships, or possibly because of them, our appetites waxed ever stronger. Even mess-hall “grub” had no terrors for us. Far-famed “growley,” fearfully and wonderfully made, containing everything from sole-leather and nails to snails and cockroaches, went down before our furious onslaught. Our beefsteak was rare, very rare, and the rolls (especially them “rolling” us out of our pie), numerous. Incredible it sounds, but

we soon learned to carry an old cadet his entire breakfast,—his coffee, milk, sugar, meat, bread, eggs, and butter,—under our blouse.

It was not long before drills commenced, and with them came our real troubles. Through those long hours we marched, to the tune of "hep-hep, fin-out, chin-in, head-up, hep-hep," every "rat" doing his best. Even then the resplendent corporal, not content with hurling at us such unfamiliar language, would further add to our "woe-begoneness" by assuring us that we were the "dumbest 'rat' in the squad, sir!" But we had our fun, too. If we were chagrined at our own stupidity, it was a comfort to know that others were faring no better; we needed no other proof of this than the evidence of our own eyes. What fun it was to watch the other squads! See that bow-legged fellow in his effort to get his knees together! And watch that knock-kneed individual essaying to perform the same feat with his heels! Yes, those things helped to keep up our spirits. We soon learned to laugh on the side of our face farthest from the "corp.," while the other side presented a regular Methodist-Sunday appearance. With all our efforts at concealment, however, we were sometimes invited to "wipe that smile off" our faces. And this we did right hurriedly; for here it is not "Do as you would have others do unto you," but "Do, or others will do you."

In October, fever broke out, and we were furloughed for six weeks. From this "leave," we returned with eighty-five per cent. of our original numbers,—striking evidence of love for each other, and for the Institute. With our joy at being together again, however, sadness was mingled: Harry P. Sturdivant, of Mississippi, classmate loved and honored of us all, was dead.

After the furlough, time went by rapidly. We were out of winter quarters almost before we knew we had gone into them. Intermediates came and went, and we started on the home-stretch. Drills are now on, and there is no place for the sluggard. No time now to read "Nick Carters" and "Frank Merriwells." "Finals" are coming fast, and those who wish to pass must work hard and steadily. Some of us want to be corporals, some vastly prefer to remain privates, free and untrammelled; all want to pass examinations, and all are sick of being "rats." This twin toast, then, boys:

THE FOURTH OF JULY!

THE HEALTH OF 1903!

HISTORIAN, '03.

Memories.



The Bear Trappers.



TRUE to our motto of "Jacks of all Trades," two of the members of 1900 bear the reputation of mighty hunters. Killer and Skinner we shall call them since they are adverse to having their real names appear in print, and they acquired their fame in this way: The vicinity of House Mountain, a few miles to the northwest of Lexington has become quite famous for its bears and also for the gentleness of their dispositions as well as the sagacity they display in the elusion of traps and the quick discovery of the fraudulent bait with which the deadfalls are usually baited. These bears have from time immemorial ravaged the small farms that dot the sides of the gently sloping old mountain, and have even been so impertinent as to extend their field of operations down into the valley at its foot.

Our two friends fell into a casual conversation one day with one of the old mountaineers who inhabit the stricken district, and he told them that he had several good traps and expected to capture quite a few bears during the coming winter. At the same time he cordially invited them to come out and have a hunt with him if they could manage to obtain leave of absence. This invitation both heartily accepted, and no sooner had the first cold spell set in than they were granted a short furlough. One to have his eyes treated by a specialist in Richmond, the other to attend his sister's wedding. Hastily gathering together what articles they needed, they joined the old farmer who was waiting for them across the river and set out for the haunts of the game. After a good four hours' drive, they reached the farmer's house, and were soon seated around a crackling fire with a good stiff glass of "mountain dew" to warm them up after the journey. Now both young gentlemen, we are sorry to say, had an irrepressible taste for firewater, and with all the confidence of youth and the feeling of importance that a big game hunt inspires, proceeded to "lay the old chump low,"—and that, too, with spirits of his own make. After several glasses had gone the rounds and the mighty nimrods began to experience some-

what of a twisted feeling, the old mountaineer's tongue was loosened, and he told of the trouble he had in getting suitable bait for his traps. Meat was too plentiful for the wise old bruin to walk into a trap to procure, and they were not good vegetarians.

"You see, my friends, it's this way," he said. "Them b'ars has had so much experience, they ain't agoin' to poke their heads into no snare for a little hunk o' meat."

"But," inquired Killer, "have you tried putting asafetida on your bait? Most animals are fond of asafetida."

"No, sir; asfedity ain't got no attractions for a b'ar. There ain't nothin' that 'l get next to him thu his nose, 'cept it be honey. He 'd try to walk a rotten cobweb over hell for a taste of honey."

"And is honey plentiful around here?"

"No; but I've got a little I can spare. We mout try it."

"Look here! you people; I have the very idea," broke in Skinner. "Why not make a mixture of honey and whisky? I'm damned if there's a bear in Rockbridge County that wouldn't rise to that bait."

The old man said nothing but silently left the room. He soon returned with a bucket of honey in one hand and a jug of liquor in the other, and procuring a large milk pail, he began to make the mixture.

"Blamed if that don't smell good," observed Killer.

"Wonder no one ever thought of that kind of bait before," remarked Skinner.

The old fellow worked diligently, and after he had finished the concoction to his own satisfaction, he dipped out a cupful and passed it to our friends to sample, Killer observing as he drank, that such a drink would make a man turn bear.

"Waal, the nearest trap is only 'bout a quarter of a mile, so's we mout as well bait it to-night," said Uncle Jacob, and forthwith they set out.

The trap was one of those old-style log affairs built up in the shape of a pen, with a stout trap door connected with a trigger to which was attached the bait. The old man replaced the hunk of meat with the pail of honey and whisky, and, stooping down, took a parting drink, then silently withdrew. Meanwhile, Skinner and Killer had been secretly studying the lay of the land; and con-

tinued to do so as they all withdrew to the house, expecting to return early next morning to find the bear a captive.

They had been in bed about an hour, when Killer, overcome by the desire for another taste, stole stealthily forth and groping his way down to the pen, entered and drank long and deep from the pail; then as the thought of self-preservation entered his muddled brain, he sprang the trigger, closing the door, and lay down for a quiet nap.

True to the adage that "great minds run in the same channel," Skinner awoke from the pleasant dream that his mouth was the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi a stream of corn juice and honey. He speedily decided that the pail of liquor was intended for his particular punch-bowl, and he also sallied forth in quest of the popular brew. But Skinner, be it remembered, had drank much the most heavily of the three that night, and stumbling along at a serpentine gait, he came nearly down to the trap. Before reaching it, however, his legs gave way, and he proceeded to do the rest of the intervening space on all fours. Clambering heavily up over the logs of the trap, he toppled over right spank on top of Killer. Well, reader, your own imagination must picture for you the scene then and there enacted. Each thought the other was the bear, so they proceeded to fight for their lives, and Skinner finally securing Killer's ear in his mouth, began to chew on it with true bear-like energy, while poor Killer set up a series of yells, which in the words of the old man, sounded to him up at the house "like all the devils in hell below had been furnished with bass horns and cymbals, and had begun to make merry."

The farmer, startled from a sound sleep by these war whoops, lit out for the scene of operations; but in such a hurry was he that he left his rifle behind him, which probably saved at least one life. Reaching the pen, he saw Killer squirming on the ground, with bruin, so he thought, hung to his ear. Uncle Jacob was a man of action, and seizing the remains of a good sized sapling, he climbed to the top of the pen and fetched old Skinner a rap across the rear that would have attracted the attention and protest of an elephant. This caused Skinner to let go the other bear, and make vocal melody of his own accord, while the farmer, finding how matters stood, rolled off the log in a fit of laughter.

It only remains for me to tell that every inducement which could suggest itself to the fertile and now thoroughly sobered brains of the twain, was brought forward to bind the old countryman to secrecy. Bribes were offered, but his cupidity was not excitable; his sympathy for a fellow being in distress was touchingly appealed to, without eliciting any definite response. A few weeks after when he came to barracks, to sell his little batch of chestnuts, and heard how Skinner had "ridden the Gim" for a week on spavin, and had sat on a pillow for almost two, while Killer had been suffering horribly from a badly frost-bitten ear, the temptation proved too great, and the old fellow gave us the above description of their celebrated bear hunt.

C. H. MINGE, JR., '00.





OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

A Plea for Our "Dips."



OUR rathood days are come and gone for almost three years now,
And the Class of 1900 at last has settled down;
We have served the well earned penalty of our little friendly row
That we had while we were painting up the town.
The sagacious Board of Visitors have met in Jim Crow bliss,
And old Branchy for Commandant bid free;
But the question most important with us just now is this:
Shall we get the "dips" you promised, "Old Billee?"

Now the Intermediates are over, and the old year has gone out,
And we've severed all connections with the "Monk;"
We have cut the lines of force that he wrapped us all about,
So we'll never hear him say again "defunk."
"Old Nick" has used his influence to turn us down just when
Our "dips" loomed up so brightly for us—see?
But we'll have no more of him, he's no longer in the swim,
And we want the "dips" you promised, "Old Billee."

In early days, when we'd just come, 'most every time we'd meet,
It was, "Ha! my boy, you're doing fine, I think."
But now, with three years past, we have gotten to our last,
You pass us by and never tip a wink.
Now that we've learned to drill, and to choke down "gimlet's" pills,
And with nonsense have been crammed till we must "bust;"
You have grown too proud to see such poor worn-out lads as we—
But we'll have those "dips" you promised, "Old Billee."

We've been quiet as a mouse, thinking sure that you'd relent,
From hard boning we have had no rest at all;
But the better that we be, the professors they agree
That they'll jam our noses plum ag'in' the wall.
Now the time is drawing near when you can send us words of cheer,
A gentle hint that we'll not make a "three;"
If a fellow climbs half way, boost him up so he can stay!
For we want the "dips" you promised, "Old Billee."

So prepare to write 'em out—twenty-five 's the number, 'bout—
With each feller's name in box-car letters high:
"I hereby am pleased to state, this young man 's a graduate
Of the home for boys, the ancient V. M. I."
For if this they fail to say, there 's goin' to be hell to pay,
And perhaps a former Norfolk lawyer's fee,
'Cause it 's get a sheepskin or bust, and, by jingo! we just must
Have the "dips" that you have promised, "Old Billee."

—C. H. M., Jr., '00.



A Reverie.



lie quite still in my hammock,
And try in vain to sleep ;
But I find my thoughts still wander,
And memories o'er me creep.

And as I lie there dreaming,
On the sweet night air there comes
From the camp on the "hill" just yonder,
The sound of a "fife and drum."

Then once more all is silent,
And my thoughts drift on their way
Into the possible future,
And the realms of celestial day.

I hold my breath to listen ;
"Lights out—all is well !"
Oh, the witchery of the hour ;
I 'm under its magic spell.

And I think of the many lashes,
That drop o'er the many eyes,
The gray, the brown, the hazel,
And blue from the summer skies.

Memories of days that are over,
Memories of days that have fled
Into the wonderful past ;
Forever silent and dead.

In fancy I almost see them,
As they stand there one and all ;
And their strong, young voices echo,
As they answer to "roll-call."

And my thoughts come fast and faster,
Crowding each other along,
But the low, sweet notes of the bugle
Halt the hurrying throng.

And I think of the many heads
Resting on pillows of down ;
Golden, black and auburn,
And clustering curls of brown.

And the soldier boys sleep on
Under their tents so white ;
Fife, drum, and bugle are silent,
We 'll hear them no more to-night.

Each one is somebody's darling,
Somebody's pride and joy ;
There are mothers, sisters, and sweethearts,
Proud of their soldier boy.

"CROQUETTE."

Phases of Cadet Life.



THE rodent's build is lank and slim,
His clothes are never made for him ;
For many a fake is on him pressed
In lieu of "cit's" pants, coat, and vest.

Now comes the corporal, sleek and fat,
A violent contrast to the rat ;
Still he is not so much, you know,
For two more years he still must go.

And next we have that rank bull-dozer (?),
That running second-class file-closer ;
Well, don't mind him, 't is all he can do
To attain that joy of his life a "lieu."

Hooray for the glorious star of all !
The big first-classman, with plenty of gall ;
He wears a big strut, and a smile in his eye,
For when his year's over, he says "good-bye."

A. N. C., '02.

Our Subs.

FIRST you divine Ducky, receive our best bow,
You always remind us of a muley head cow,
Of the cow and the elephant, you embody all the grace,
As you drift out at D. P. to take up your place.
Will you tell us kindly Ducky, calculate it by math,
How much sarcasm have you? we mean not to chaff.

Who, do you think, is the terror at rev?
No less than our blushing, demure, shy Bev.
He dresses like lightening, grabs Tolly's old hat,
And runs down the stoop like some terrorized rat.
He finally gets down with the loss of a shoe,
To find he 's too late to nip one single lieu.

Fellows, just think of our great good luck,
To be under such a hero as comical Puck,
His bearing is soldierly, he has a martial mien,
But a pig his legs could go between.
Puck has a face as stern as a lion
But he walks like a turkey on a hot gridiron.

We next turn to Tolley, the man of many pipes,
He donates to Bev. many second-hand snipes.
Old Tolly's the poet who once tortured his muse,
To sing of the subs but found it no use;
In the words of the poet, that is in plain Dutch,
Poor Tolly while a sub won't amount to very much.



Well, Hughy, your turn has come at last,
My boy, we had no idea of letting you pass,
For conceit we have an excellent antidote,
Immediately if not sooner, you should certainly report.
Hughy! You of all others should be quiet as a mouse,
You were busted for not properly serving old Krause.

C. H. M., Jr., '00.



PREPARING FOR DRESS PARADE.
JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL.

MESS HALL.
EVENING GUN.

Her First Hop.



Is it not strikingly singular how indelibly the vicissitudes through which a novice at a first hop passes become impressed upon his or her mind? And yet everything to be gleaned from ancient chronicles or from writings of close observers, during times ranging back to the evacuation of Eden by Adam and Eve, tends to prove that the vicissitudes have never changed in any



marked respect. Certain it is that youths in the time of Cain and Abel never trod on their partner's trains. It must be remembered, however, that trains in that time and locality were not worn any too long.

Not long since we were treated to the wail of a hapless beginner, who, we were encouraged to believe, had been lured to the net of some prehistoric Eve. After exhausting his store of timely warning, he concludes with an ambiguous "don't." We do not pretend to say that the observations were not exact to a degree, and the hints friendly; but we do intend to give Eve her deserts—in short, to present her side.

The young lady had made known to a friend in barracks her intention of visiting Lexington; and her friend, while endeavoring to secure for her an escort, had the following characteristic conversation, of which she was the topic:

One morning he entered another cadet's room with a picture in his hand. "Brummel," said he, "going to the hop?"

"Yes," said Brummel, "believe I shall."

"Got a 'calic'?" he asked.

"No," said Brummel.

"Well, come take Miss Keendancer," he began in that same old strain; "here's her picture (pulling out the photograph of some stunning actress); it doesn't begin to do her justice. And dress! why she's the finest dressed 'calic' in the South. A princess in Nabob Land would be proud to wear her old clothes."

"There! you needn't carry that any farther," interrupted Brummel; "I know all that. Is she just over from a trip abroad, and hasn't danced for several years?"

"No," said the friend; "she did spend two winters in Paris several years ago, and has been to every dance——"

"Does she get sick?" interrupted Brummel.

"Sick! What do you mean?" asked the friend.

"Well," said Brummel, "don't try to roll me. The last 'calic' I took to a hop was taken sick early in the game, and I played doctor throughout five whole breaks and dances. Has she big feet?" he went on; "got a bad corn, you know."

"No, she has small feet; doesn't get sick, and——"

He was about to enter upon a lengthy discussion of her many commendable qualities when Brummel stopped him with,

"Well, put me down for her."

To be concise, the girl arrived, the time for the hop came, and as the old town clock struck nine, the "sheep cart," otherwise called the omnibus, rolled up. Into this she was packed, and the door slammed; the driver struck the horse on the side from which the novice mounts, and the hop was a matter of few moments.

At the Institute, she was met by her escort, who conducted her through a swarm of those irrepressible stags, who every now and then awake, dash out into the ante-room, puff away on a well-worked cigarette, spit on the floor, then hurry back,—to hold up their posts,—to the Gymnasium, where the trials are held. Here her escort brought up several herds of young men, who each, as the formality of introduction passed, gave a bow, a shuffle of the feet,



and then moved on again. Presently the music struck up, and the dance commenced. A young stag came sauntering by. He stopped, asked for a portion of the dance, and was accepted. A look of grave determination overspread his countenance; and after a preliminary shuffle or two, they began their evolutions. They spun around upon an incredibly small area of floor, just as we have all seen a kitten do when trying to catch its tail. All the while, the boy's eyes were flashing along the serried ranks of stags who blockaded the floor. At last he found an opening; some one had dropped back to speak to a chaperon. With the celerity that so characterized Jackson in his Valley Campaign, he proceeded to pierce the enemy's line. The young lady found herself rapidly drifting backward, a happy smile upon her face, a sincere hope within her heart that he would not tread on her toe when—they came to a halt with a crash. He had not seen a post just in rear of the position evacuated by the enemy,—hence the sudden stop. He heard from the lady a smothered yell, a sort of gurgling noise somewhat similar to that of a game chicken when rattled, and venturing a glance at her, he saw in her eyes a look that informed him more plainly than words, if he wanted to leave that spot without the loss of a scalp, it was his move. He moved. Another "gallant" took his place. Her partner was a better dancer this time. He guided with the skill of one of Mark Twain's river steamboat pilots, missing all posts and other obstructions. He had piloted her safely through the stags, when, as they emerged from a labyrinth, some one stepped on her train. There was a tearing noise, a parting of the stags, and a girl on the verge of a deluge of tears.

"Oh, don't mind that!" said her partner; "it is not an unusual occurrence at any dance nowadays, and has ceased to attract attention."

He led her aside, and gave a signal. From a recess in the wall, a chaperon emerged, heavily laden with pins, shoe strings, a ball of twine, a pair of shears. In short, she was the wrecking train, and repairs were made with dispatch.

The next few dances went along very smoothly. Finally, Brummel came up to claim his "break;" wished to know if she would like to go out and get a little fresh air. She thought she would. They strolled over and sat down under the Old Guard Tree.

"Were you down to dress parade?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "I saw you and the captain inspecting your company and looking swords at the men. By the way," she continued, "Who were those poor little fellows in the rear rank, standing so straight, palms of hands to the front, trying to personate fishes?"

"Oh, they were 'rats,'" he explained; "they were 'finning out.'"

"And the men who wore plumes, and carried their arms bow-legged, what were they?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he answered coldly.

"Well," said she, "what about the one who stands out in front at D. P.; the one in the long gray coat? Is he some high functionary?"

"No," he replied laughingly; "he's a substitute for a statue they are thinking of putting out there. He represents 'Patience Smiling at Grief.'"

"Tell me, Mr. Brummel," she said, "do any of you ever get caught 'running the block'?"

"Well," he said, "our chances are even, as the old cadet says when he divides the pie into three equal parts, one of which is greater than the rest."

"Are you fond of books?" the lady asked after a pause.

"Yes," he said, "I read a great deal."

"Of course you have read 'Ships That Pass in the Night?'" she said with an inquiring look.

"That is one book I draw the line at," he replied gravely. "I was once an officer," he explained, "and the General passed me one night while I was 'running the block.'"

"What does 'running the block' really mean?" she asked.

"It has several meanings," said Brummel; "some will tell you that it means keeping a block ahead of the pursuing 'sub.'"

"What is your definition?" she asked.

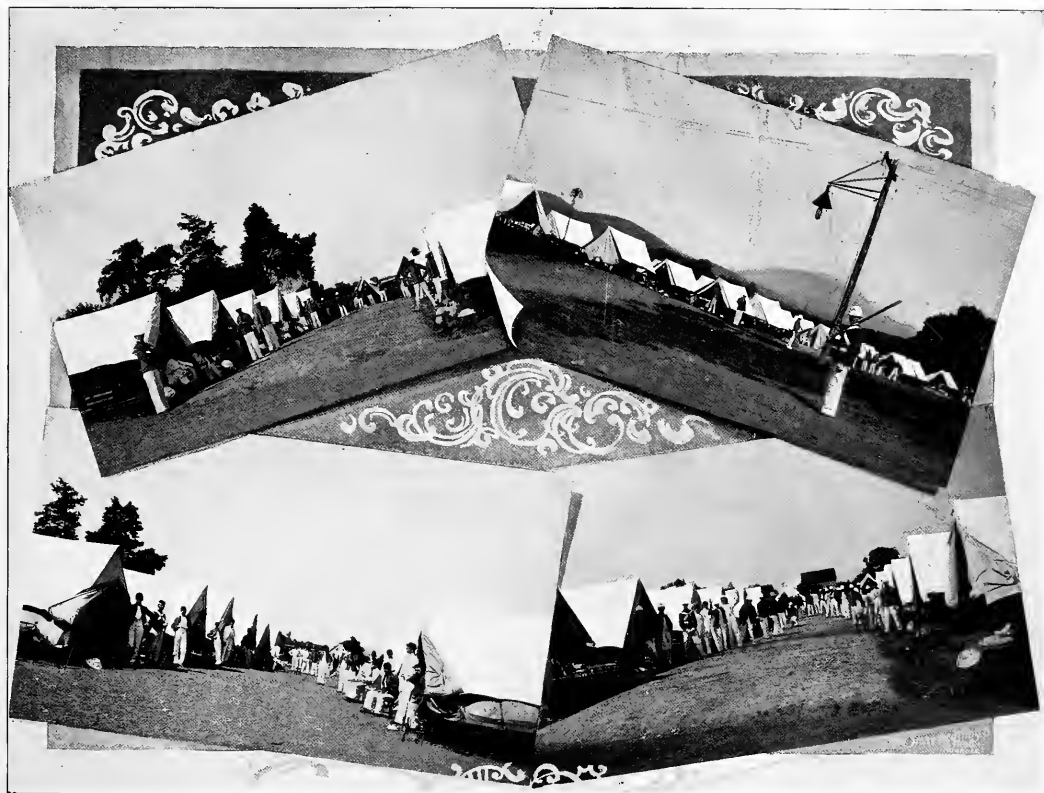
"I'm not at liberty to define it for you," he replied; "I'm a 'molly.'"

"A 'molly'? What in the world is a 'molly'?"

"He's a bird," he answered, tantalizingly.

"Something like a loon?" she suggested, archly. A pause ensued.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said.



CAMP SCENES.

"But," said she, "they are not worth a penny; I was thinking of you."

Mr. Brummel hastened to return to the topic of books.

"Which of the late books did you enjoy most?" he inquired.

"'When Knighthood was in Flower'; it is such a pretty love story, and I adore love stories," she replied.

"Yes," Brummel admitted, "love is a worthy theme. What is your idea of love?" he asked.

"Love is an itching of the heart that can't be scratched," returned the girl; "and what do you think about it, sir?"

"I?" he replied; "I think love is very much like fishing for a doodle. You can draw it almost out, your heart itches like a vaccination, when presto! the doodle lets go, and there's a vacant hole to stare you in the face."

"And so," she said, "you regard the object of your affections as a doodle, who catches at a straw, only to retreat when the wielder of the straw hoves in sight. You have a complimentary opinion of the 'grand passion.'"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "Then again it takes the form of a tarantula, which hops upon the unsuspecting victim from the least suspected quarter."

"For instance the maiden described in last year's *Бомб*," she observed.

"She was a tarantula," he replied.

"You have had quite a varied experience, Mr. Brummel. Last year with a tarantula; this year with a—a doodle."

Here was the opportunity Brummel longed for. His specialty was making love, no matter how promiscuously, and now she herself had paved the way. He must convince her she was not a doodle. It was a grand night for a tale of love. The moon at that moment closed her weather eye, and glided softly behind a fleecy cloud. A bobtail comet shot across the sky to catch a parting glimpse; the crickets chirruped, the little frogs croaked, and—a fragrant kitty of the pole variety passed with a rustle in the nearby woods. How often has a kitten of this kind wrecked the emotion of a fond lover!—that is in these parts. The lady arose; thought it time to return to the hop. What Brummel said to himself about the cat, we will leave for some other time.

She now neared the culmination of her career at the hop. She had played at "Cyclone" with the old Gymnasium post; had enjoyed a characteristic conversation with a love-making gallant; had made distant acquaintance with one of the feline inhabitants of the district; and had now begun to dance to the dreamy old strains of "Home, Sweet Home." Her partner was a slashing, reckless, devil-may-care sort of dancer, so they raced along at a Maud S. gait. Swinging into the home-stretch, they began to shine. As they neared the middle of the hall, something happened. She did not remember what or how it was. When she came to herself again, she was sitting on the floor in the middle of the room, while her partner was making desperate efforts not to stand on his head some few paces from her. They picked her up; her partner scrambled to his feet; the music ceased; and her first hop was over.

C. H. M., JR.





NEW MARKET MONUMENT.
TO BE UNVEILED MAY 15, 1901.



On the accompanying page is shown "The Battle and Battalion Monument" which will be erected during the year 1901 to the memory of the V. M. I. cadets who were killed at New Market, May 15th, 1864. It will stand across the parade-ground on the rock between the camp-ground and the parade-ground. It is to be a handsome bronze statue of "Virginia Mourning Her Dead;" the mail-clad female figure is seated mourning upon a piece of broken cannon overgrown with ivy, and she holds a reversed lance in her hands. It is the work of the famous sculptor, M. Ezekiel, Rome, Italy, who was a cadet officer in the New Market fight, and is a graduate of the Institute. The figure is colossal in size. The oval base is four feet five inches by three feet, and the statue entire, in seated posture, is seven feet high.

The noble figure with the face turned towards, and overlooking, the graves of the five New Market cadets is to be placed on a solid block of Virginia granite seven feet high and five feet by three feet six inches. The granite pedestal is to be placed on the living rock base on the western corner of the parade-ground, the top of which is fifteen feet above the general level; this is to be surrounded by a symmetrical mound one hundred feet in diameter, encircled by a drive and walk.

The pedestal is to be enclosed in bronze plates. On the front plate is to be cut "Battle of New Market, May 15th, 1864. Roll of Honor: Killed, —; Wounded, —." On the faces there is to be a complete roster of the Battalion of Cadets as it entered the battle. As a work of original art, it will have no companion piece in this country.

Through the efforts of Miss Maggie Freeland, whom we all love and admire, was raised a fifth of the required funds. By the liberality of the alumni, the remainder has been secured, and the monument will be erected next year.

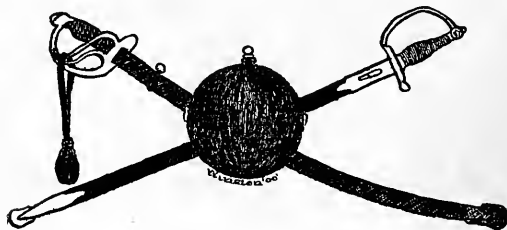
It will stand in sight of barracks with its face turned toward the graves, and the sunset. The parade-ground, where "Stone-wall" Jackson taught the cadets to be soldiers, will be in its rear. And every time a cadet shall gaze at the noble figure, it will remind him of the brave boys who sleep at the foot of the hill. These boys fell in the charge that won the battle, and Virginia mourns the loss of their young lives. But she will stand and watch through the years to come, and will be ever a reminder of those deeds of valor.

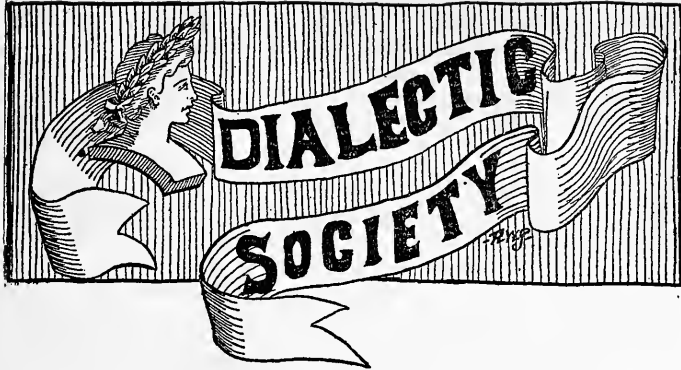
The monument will be the pride of the cadet corps, for there are just as brave hearts beating under the gray as there were in '64, and they all hold the memory of these boys as sacred. In future years when the salute is fired on the fifteenth of May over the graves, Virginia may cease mourning for a moment; but she will never cease to watch. Through the night, from the first dawn of light over the Blue Ridge until the golden glimmer of the sunset comes over House Mountain, she will stand as a sentinel over the graves of her brave young Southern boys.

When the Corps stacked arms the entire First Class stepped forward and formed in front of the line and marched to the Cadet enclosure where each took a rose from a stand placed on each side of the gate and with bared head laid it on the graves of the New Market Cadets.

The Class of 1900 desired to begin what they hope will be established in time as a custom.

C. R., '00.





J. M. LUKE, *President.*
 H. B. CASTLEMAN, *Vice-President.*

THE work of this society has been somewhat interrupted this past year, and little has been attained. Prior to our leaving on account of the fever epidemic, we were on a good footing, holding meetings regularly every Saturday evening from study drum until nine o'clock; but with the furlough almost all interest in the society seemed to go. When the members returned, their undivided attention was needed by the faculty, who kept them busy with their books.

We have quite a long roll of members, and as our finances are in excellent condition, the prospects for the next year are very good. The meeting hall has been nicely equipped, and presents a very neat appearance. It is to be desired that next year the work of this society may be brought up to its proper standard, and that energetic and efficient officers will be chosen; in this way the society will be able to give a good account of itself in the next issue of *THE BOMB*.

The regular Cadet-Dialectic Society Celebration will be held as usual during "Finals" in the Jackson Memorial Hall, and we shall endeavor our best to sustain the past reputation of this society.



G. P. CRAIGHILL, JR., *President.*
 C. S. ROLLER, *Vice-President.*
 F. B. DOWNING, *Historian.*

THE Society of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute has, since its foundation in 1839, been a source of continual pleasure and profit. During the long Saturday evenings of the winter months, the society is "turned out" shortly after study drum, and until nine o'clock, the time is taken up in declamations, orations, and the friendly and lively interest of debates. It is here that questions which the whole Nation struggles with are easily and satisfactorily solved in two short hours; it is here our men first learn not to stammer and hesitate at being on the floor under the gaze of a hundred eyes.

Until the outbreak of fever, the progress this year was fully up to its high standard, as determined by the regular attendance, and the interest manifested in its programmes. On our return from furlough, however, academic work kept us too busy to give our society the time it deserved, and the attendance was somewhat diminished.

The constitution of the society provides that at a final celebration three gold medals shall be given, to the best declaimer, orator, and debater, respectively. The contests for these medals bring out the best material of the society, and develop many new men, who compete before judges selected from the faculty or visiting alumni.

Though the society is old, it is by no means feeble; and the wish of all is that it may continue in its usefulness and always be worthy of the proud name it bears—"The Society of Cadets of the V. M. I."



IN MEMORIAM.

Ralph Gwin, '02.

Died July, 1899.

San Francisco, Cal.

Randolph B. Lemoine, '01.

Died October, 1899.

U. M. I. Hospital.

Samuel C. Nott, '01.

Died October, 1899.

U. M. I. Hospital.

Harry P. Sturdivant, '03.

Died November, 1899.

Salem, Va.

Paul B. Clark, '01.

Died January, 1900.

U. M. I. Hospital.



Young Men's Christian Association.

G. B. PALMER, *President.*

H. B. CASTLEMAN, *Vice-President.*



THE Young Men's Christian Association has been a powerful factor in the majority of colleges, and its influence has been strong to keep men loyal to their faith and religious teachings. Especially is its influence felt in such a school as our own, where the importance of its work can not be overestimated. To the man who is completely isolated from home ties and thrown for the first time into the midst of strange surroundings and influences, it offers a helping hand to assist him in living up to his principles as a Christian. The progress of the work this year has been very gratifying indeed, and we trust its efforts will be felt in an increase of religious interest now and hereafter.

The Association owes much to the professors for lectures, and to the ministers of the town for their generous help; we thank them all very cordially.

We have this year contributed about fifty dollars worth of books to the Library; we have also succeeded, for the first time, in getting out a hand-book, which we beg to present to you from the Y. M. C. A., as a useful book of information.

To the new men coming in, we would extend a hearty invitation to join our Association, promising them a warm welcome in this Christian brotherhood.

G. B. P., '00.





FINALS





CALENDAR

Friday, June 29, Opening Hop



Saturday, June 30, Literary Society Celebrations



Monday, July 2, Final German



Tuesday, July 3, Alumni Banquet



Wednesday, July 4, Final Ball







Athletic Officers.

CLIFFORD RICE, '00, *President*
C. S. ROLLER, '01, *Vice-President*

Football.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00, *Captain of Team*
G. P. CRAIGHILL, JR., '00, *Managers*, R. A. P. WALKER, '00

Baseball.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00, *Captain of Team*
A. D. P. JANNEY, '00, . . . *Managers* . . . J. R. N. BOYD, '00

Tennis Club.

G. D. BROOKE, '00, *President*

Athletic Executive Committee.

From Faculty.

COLONEL N. B. TUCKER, *President*
COLONEL E. W. NICHOLS, MAJOR B. B. MORGAN.

From Cadets.

C. RICE, '00, C. S. ROLLER, '01,
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00, B. H. TUCKER, '02.

Medical Advisory Board.

MAJOR REID WHITE, M. D., *Chairman*

Baseball Team, 1900.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00, *Captain*

A. D. P. JANNEY, '00, . . . *Managers*, . . . J. R. N. BOYD, '00

C. S. ROLLER, '01, *Catcher*

W. S. CARNEAL, '03, *Pitcher*

I. B. JOHNSON, '02, *First Base*

C. C. McCABE, '01, *Second Base*

P. E. GETTYS, '03, *Third Base*

M. H. HUDGINS, '01, *Short Stop*

R. E. SWIFT, '03, *Left Field*

W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00 (*Captain*), . . . *Center Field*

H. A. WARD, '02, *Right Field*

Substitutes.

ST. J. R. MARSHALL, '01.

C. H. MINGE, '00.

P. B. PEYTON, '01.

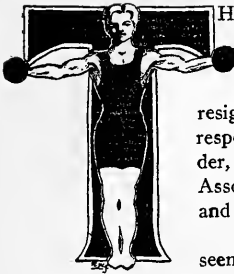
J. H. ROGERS, *Official Scorer.*



BASEBALL TEAM, 1900.

Swift, 1 f.	Boyd, Mgr.	Carneal, p.	Ward, r f.	Janney, Mgr.	Marshall, Sub.
Gettys, 3 b		Johnston, 1 b		McCabe, 2 b.	
Hudgens, ss.		Montgomery, c. f. (Capt.)		Roller, c.	

Athletics.



THE opening of the athletic season of '99-00 was not full of promise. There was a heavy debt on hand, to begin with. Then, too, of last year's football team more than half had either graduated or resigned; and a similar state of affairs existed with respect to the baseball and gymnasium teams. No wonder, then, that the election of officers for the Athletic Association was looked to with such unusual interest, and that the votes were so well cast.

With the election over, every man in barracks seemed to realize that the time had come to act; and upon the arrival of the head football coach, Samuel Boyle, the ex-Pennsylvania player, whose fame in football games has won for him a high place in the hearts of all true lovers of this manly sport, there was a call for applicants to try for the team. Fully forty men responded to the call, and the football season was on. Uniforms of every description were to be seen, and the preliminary work in running, tackling, catching, kicking, falling on the ball, etc., soon brought out the fact that there was no lack of material for a good team, and that the men were working in earnest. Last year's substitutes showed up well; and the old players,—Rice, Montgomery, Biscoe, and Johnston,—were right in the game from the start. The familiar faces of Derbyshire, Shaner, Scott, Ayers, Otey, Puett, McBee, and Meem were no longer to be seen; but when Montgomery gathered his selected "eleven" around him on the eighth of September for the first "line-up" against the "scrubs," little uneasiness was felt. There was a man, and a good one, to fill every vacant place. A strong "scrub" team was carefully selected, which after receiving preliminary instructions from the coach was put under the charge of Brooke and Jordan. Through the untiring efforts of these men, the "scrubs" succeeded in giving the regulars a hard tussle, and more than once did they carry the "pig-skin" across the coveted goal-line. On the twentieth of September, Sam Walker, last year's "full-back" of Penn-

sylvania University, arrived, and took charge of the coaching department, relieving Boyle, who had been engaged only for three weeks. Pennsylvania tactics were used almost entirely, and it became quite evident that the visiting teams this year would find a sharp knife ready to take their scalps. The season was to have opened on September 30th, when the Miller Manual Labor School, of Crozet, Virginia, was booked for a game. These gentlemen wired us, however, that they would be unable to keep their engagement, as did also the managers of the Roanoke College team, with whom we had a game the following Saturday. Every effort possible was made by the managers of our team, Craighill and Walker, to get a game for these two dates; but as it was so early in the season, we could not get a team here then.



In the meanwhile our team continued to improve. The financial burden, too, which the Association found upon its shoulders, was fast being lightened by the generous contributions of the faculty, the cadets, and many of our alumni. In all things we were ripe for a game when on Thursday, October 11th, we met our old-

time antagonists, Washington and Lee. This game was a regular "procession" for us, the final score being 39 to 0 in our favor. The fact was patent that our team was a good one, and we were in high glee over it. Just as we were about to start upon what promised to be the most successful season in the history of the popular game at the Institute, however, an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out. Every resource was tried by the authorities to prevent the spreading of the disease, but to no purpose. The Corps was then furloughed for six weeks, and with this furlough went the football hopes for '99-00. The coach was paid in full, and left for his home. Upon our return on November 26th, the season was practically at an end, and no attempt was made to reorganize the team. We trust that next season will bring us much better success. The outlook at present is very bright. Montgomery, Rice, and Biscoe will be miss-

ing from next year's team, but we trust that the enlistment of new cadets next fall will include men who will fill the gaps caused by the departure of this year's graduating class.

We are pleased to note the marked improvement in the gymnasium. The Fourth Class has been thoroughly organized and ably drilled with chest weights, Indian clubs, dumbbells, etc., they have, also, been put through the various "setting-up" exercises, and given all kinds of gymnasium work. This system of compulsory gymnasium work was inaugurated here by our former commandant, Captain D. D. Price, First Artillery, U. S. A., and it has been well enforced ever since. It is a splendid idea, and we are in hopes that it will be kept up. The Fourth Class will treat the visitors to an exceptionally good exhibition this "Finals." There are eight applicants for the gymnasium team, and we trust that the "Finals" will see us with an unusually fine bunch of acrobatic wonders.

The outlook for baseball is not so promising as we should like it to be. As we go to press, however, before the team gets a chance to display its qualities, we are reluctant to criticise them; we can but wish them a highly successful season. They will strike an opponent worthy of their steel in the University of Virginia team; and they may find our Blacksburg acquaintances a good-sized nut to crack. The remaining games should prove easy victories; but there is no telling what the results will be. Let every man in barracks encourage the men all he can, and let us turn out in full force at every game and make things lively.

We take this opportunity to wish next year's teams great success. May they win many laurels, and prove themselves able defenders of the red, white, and yellow on each and every field!

Pz., '00.



Football Team, 1900.

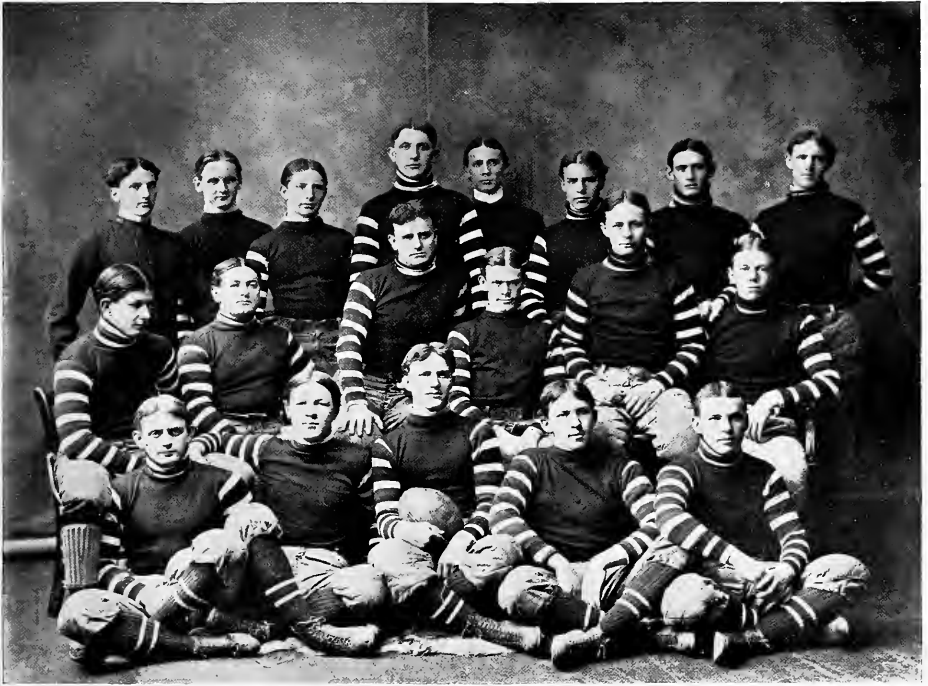
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00, *Captain*
G. P. CRAIGHILL, JR., '00, *Managers*, R. A. P. WALKER, '00
SAMUEL BOYLE, JR., (Penn.) '98, SAMUEL WALKER, (Penn.) '99
Coaches.

Line-up.

C. C. McCABE, '01,	Left End
D. G. ROGERS, '02,	Left Tackle
I. B. JOHNSON, '02,	Left Guard
J. B. WRIGHT, '02,	Center
C. RICE, '00,	Right Guard
O. L. DYAL, '03,	Right Tackle
E. BISCOE, '00,	Right End
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR., '00 (<i>Captain</i>),	Quarter-Back
P. E. GETTYS, '03,	Right Half-Back
A. E. MILLER, '01,	Left Half-Back
T. KIRK, '02,	Full-Back

Substitutes.

D. M. BERNARD, '00,	C. S. ROLLER, '01,
G. C. MARSHALL, '01,	F. Z. BROWN, '00,
J. C. WISE, '02,	R. B. CLAGGETT, '03.



FOOTBALL TEAM, '99-'00.



FINAL BALL,
Wednesday, July 4th, 10 P. M.

Final Ball.

Wednesday Evening, July Fourth.

A. E. MILLER,	Virginia
<i>President.</i>	
G. C. MARSHALL,	Pennsylvania
<i>Vice-President.</i>	
T. S. CARTER,	Virginia
<i>Chief Marshal.</i>	
C. S. ROLLER, JR.,	Virginia
<i>Chairman Committee.</i>	

Marshals.

C. C. McCABE,	Maryland
ST. J. R. MARSHALL,	Virginia
H. M. HUDGINS,	Virginia
R. W. JOHNSON,	Arkansas
E. S. MARTIN,	Virginia
O. V. KEAN,	Virginia
V. W. WATSON,	Virginia.
P. W. V. HOWARD,	Washington, District of Columbia

German Club.

C. H. MINGE, JR., *President.*

EARL BISCOE, . . . *Assistant Leaders,* . . . CLIFTON RICE.



G. D. BROOKE.
C. R. HOWARD.
A. D. P. JANNEY.
R. A. P. WALKER.
G. P. CRAIGHILL, JR.
G. E. LEWIS,
C. TAYLOR.
J. W. HYATT.
B. P. EPPES.
J. M. WINSTON.
E. S. BERRY.
W. B. MONTGOMERY, JR.
J. S. MEEM.
D. M. BERNARD.
J. R. N. BOYD.
A. J. PIZZINI, JR.
H. S. JORDAN.
J. PASCO.
G. B. PALMER.
J. M. LUKE,
F. Z. BROWN,
L. A. ROBERTSON.



GIRLS WHO HAVE GRACED OUR FINALS.

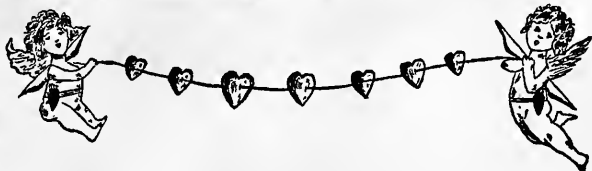
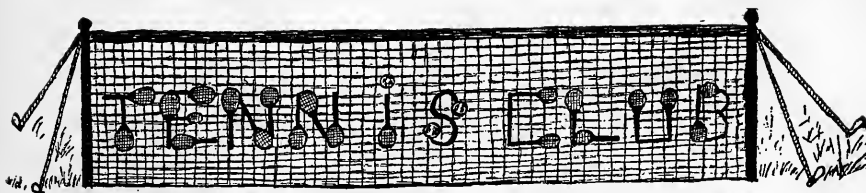


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POPULAR BELLES WHO HAVE OPENED OUR FINAL BALL.



Officers.

G. D. BROOKE, *President.*

J. M. LUKE, *Vice-President.*

Members.

W. B. MONTGOMERY

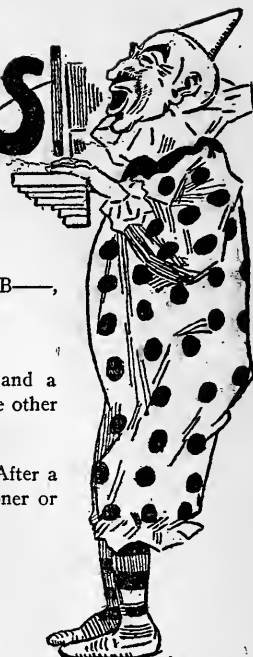
A. D. P. JANNEY,
M. H. HUDGINS,
B. H. TUCKER,
A. J. PIZZINI,
C. TAYLOR,
N. LUNING,
G. W. WATSON,
G. E. LEWIS,
N. O. EMERSON,
R. A. WALKER,
E. BISCOE,
P. E. GETTYS,
F. Z. BROWN,
B. J. EPPES,
R. B. POAGUE,
J. M. WINSTON,

G. P. CRAIGHILL,
C. H. MINGE,
J. C. WISE,
I. B. JOHNSON,
A. N. CLARK,
R. W. JOHNSON,
C. C. MCCABE,
J. PASCO,
W. L. CARNEAL,
C. RICE,
G. C. MARSHALL,
E. S. BERRY,
J. W. HYATT,
J. B. HUDSON,
J. R. BOYD,
H. L. JORDAN,

D. M. BERNARD.



HUMORISMS



VERHEARD the morning after the hop: "Say, B——, what kind of a time did you have last night?"
"Oh, I had a regular rag time."

Difference between a pugilistic tomcat and a cadet on leave: One has his fur high, and the other his furlough.

What is the use in prohibiting smoking at V. M. I.? After a fellow has remained there a year he is sure to wind up sooner or later in that place where everything smokes. Selah!

'T was just the other morning
I thought I had a "rev.,"
Alas my calculations
Were upset by foxy Bev.
I thought I 'd cut the night before:
Alas! my name was mud!
My cutting was but in my dreams,
Bev. nipped me in the bud.

CADET (to Dave, the head waiter): "Say, Dave, when was the last census taken in this cheese?"

A calic of this modern Athens has applied the villainous epithet of "calico uniforms" to the sacred "blues." Verily, this is a take-down.

Without meaning in the least to give to the cadets a bad name, we might just mention that in our observations on the past year we have had thoughts that some cadets are competing with the traditional darkey for honors in abstracting poultry. No offense.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR (to Officer of the Day): "Will you please let me speak to the chief officer here, sir?"

OFFICER OF THE DAY (sternly, to Sentinel): "Sentinel, call your 'Corporal.'"

FIRST RAT (to Finstiff, his brother rat): "Say, Finstiff, is the O. D. a very high officer?"

FINSTIFF (intelligently): "Yes, indeed, but not half as high as Krause."

CAPTAIN (in Descriptive Geometry class), "How would you get the shadow of a straight line, Mr. Dice?"

CADET DICE (respectfully): "I'd put it in the sun, Captain."

Problem in Physics.—How many watts are required to chew a nickel's worth of tobacco in nine minutes?

Answer to Problem.—Ducky Watts.

Why is it that the cadets when they come out of the Superintendent's office look so weak and pale?

Answer.—Because the motions of the Shipp make them seasick!

Why is a cadet's breath after drill almost nude?

Because it comes in short pants.

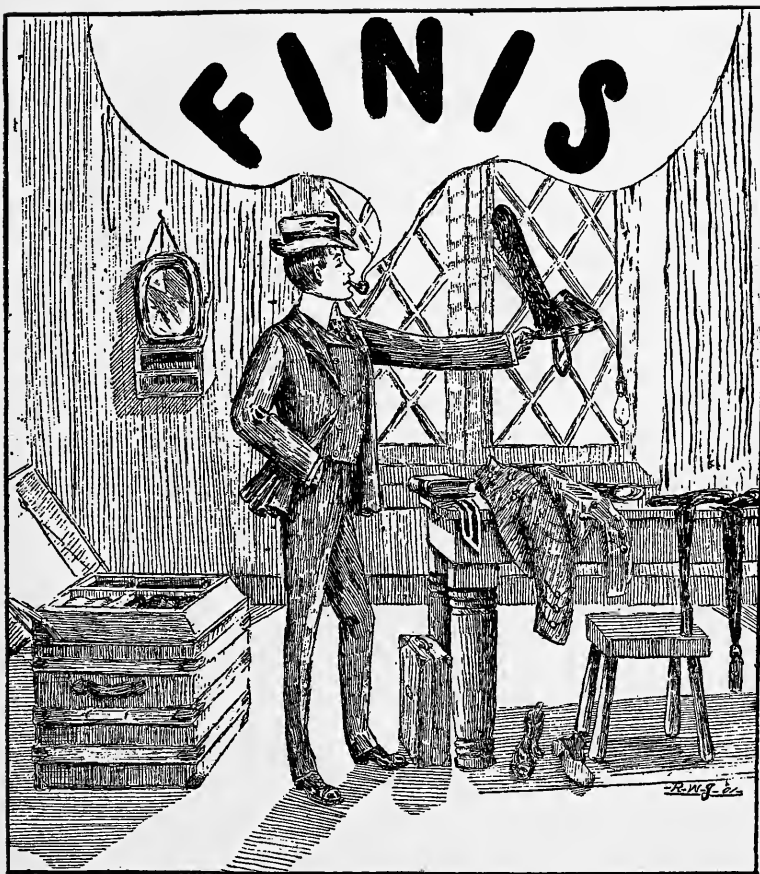
Why is a running sentinel like a counterfeit dollar?

Because you can't *pass* him.

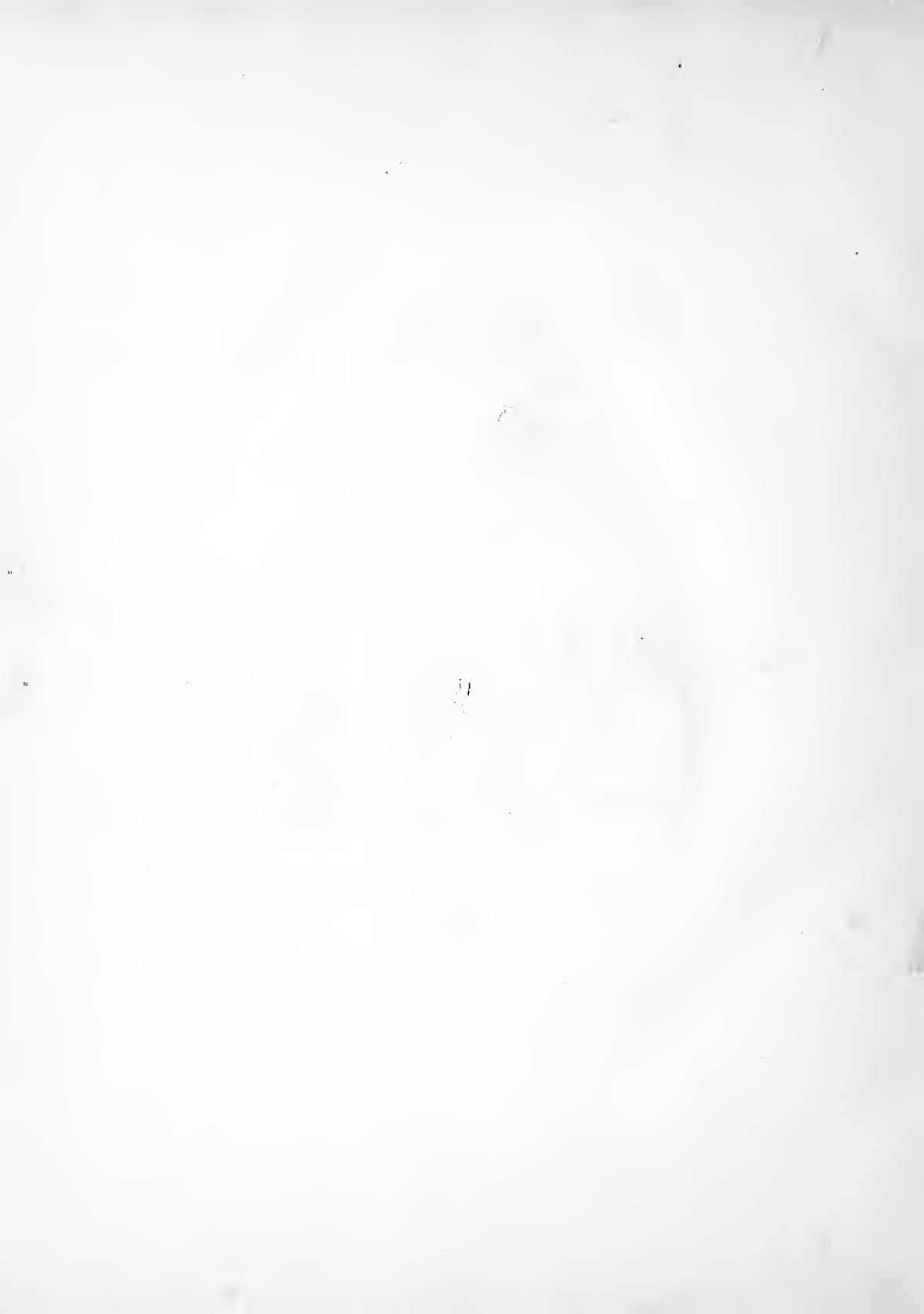
Why is the Mess Hall bill of fare like the back to this book?

Because it is on THE BOMB (bum).









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WASHINGTON, D. C.



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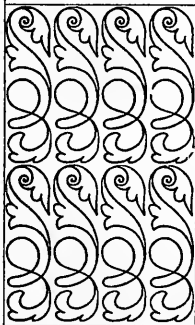
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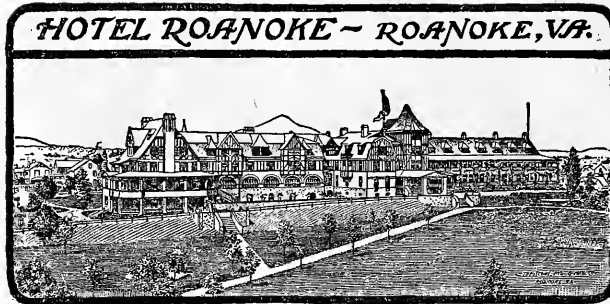
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